

How America Can Win Peace BY THE REV. JOHN B. THOMPSON

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

February 11, 1941

THE MEN WHO RUN HITLER

The truth about the economy of the Third Reich

by G. S. JACKSON

RUTH McKENNEY *and* HARRISON GEORGE

on What Price Housework?

WAS METAXAS MURDERED?

by Demetrios Christophorides

A letter from Dalton Trumbo to his publisher

Between Ourselves

NM's EDITORS join its readers in congratulating Richard Wright. The 1940 award of the Spingarn gold medal by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People goes to Dick "for his depiction in his books, *Uncle Tom's Children*, and *Native Son*, of the effects of proscription, segregation, and denial of opportunities to the American Negro. He has given to Americans who have eyes to see, a picture which must be faced if democracy is to survive."

This is not the first award Dick Wright has received. In 1939 he won a Guggenheim Fellowship; earlier he had received first prize in a nationwide Federal Writers contest, for the stories in *Uncle Tom's Children*. His stories have been reprinted in the O'Henry prize anthology and in O'Brien's collection of best American short stories. NM readers will recall, too, the poem "I Have Seen Black Hands," his first NM contribution, and the many other poems, articles, book reviews, and short stories which were published in these pages. For it was here that Dick Wright had the opportunity to display his great talent, as early as 1934, when other channels of publication were denied to him. At present he is working on two new books, one a text for a picture story of Negro life, the other a novel depicting the effect of urban industrial life on Negro women. "Bright and Morning Star," the memorable story which originally appeared in NM, will be reprinted in a forthcoming volume by International Publishers.

Bruce Minton, who is in charge of the thirtieth-anniversary issue of NM—due at your doorstep or newsstand next week—reports that the issue more than lives up to expectations. He tells us that Earl Browder's article on American democracy is a wonderfully penetrating contribution to historical thought. D. N. Pritt's article from England expresses the deepest aspirations of the British people. America's Midwest is represented by Meridel LeSueur, who has sent us a warmly human story about farmers and the war. Out of Hollywood comes John Howard Lawson's study of the progressive traditions of the American theater. Theodore Dreiser has written an article especially for the anniversary issue, on his attitude toward aid-to-Britain. Dr. Max Yergan, noted Negro educator, has recalled the forgotten men of his people whose ideas have enriched American life. Many new poems will appear in the issue, the best illustrations by your favorite artists—Art Young, Gropper, Hugo

Gellert, Maurice Becker, H. J. Glinkenkamp, A. Birnbaum, Joe Jones, Harry Gottlieb, Anton Refregier, Georges Schreiber, Louis Lozowick, and others.

If you wish to send copies of the anniversary issue to your friends, all you have to do is to mail us a list of names and a check or money order to cover the mailing—10 cents a name. The business office states that a minimum of ten names to a list is required. This plan is especially suited to groups or organizations which wish to give NM wider circulation among their members.

The Thirtieth Birthday party will take place on Sunday afternoon, February 16, at Manhattan Center. Earl Robinson dropped in the other day to inform us that in NM's honor he will for the first time direct sections of his newest opera, "The People, Yes!" based on the famous Carl Sandburg book-length poem. Revue-tas, the noted Mexican dancer-composer, has created a new theme which will be danced for the first time by Anna Sokolow and her group. Joshua White and his Chain Gang Singers, Billie Holliday, and the New Art String Quartet will also contribute to the program. Earl Browder, William Gropper, Dr. Max Yergan, Ruth McKenney, and Joseph North will speak. The time is 2:30, and prices are \$1 for seats in the first twenty-five reserved rows, 50 cents for those in the remainder of the hall. Tickets may be obtained at NM's office, 461 Fourth Ave., the Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th St., and Bookfair, 133 West 44th St.

Paul Robeson, one of the contributors to next week's issue, will make a guest appearance in a program of Negro spirituals, international folk songs, and the thrilling "Ballad for Americans" with the IWO American People's Chorus, at Manhattan Center on Sunday, February 23, at 7:30 P.M. The "Ballad" will be sung as a climax to a pageant of Negro history. Tickets are on sale at IWO lodges or its New York office, 80 Fifth Ave., from 55 cents to \$1.10.

The article by James Morison, "White Only" (NM, December 31 issue), describing the treatment of Negroes in the "defense" set-up has been reprinted in full by the *Plaindealer*, Negro newspaper of Kansas City, Kans., and widely quoted in other parts of the Negro press.

A reader from the Pacific Coast sends a note of praise for NM's typographical appearance: "It seems to me the magazine is as pleasing to the eye as to the mind. Particularly in recent weeks I've been struck by the neatness of its make-up, the

fine balance of white-and-black, and the attractive covers. The art work, as always, is excellent. Couldn't do without Gropper."

From R. O. in Bayonne, N. J., comes a generous note: "I have been a regular reader of NM for the last few years, but somehow I have not been able to write to tell you how much help you are to me in deciphering the events in the world today. Your magazine serves as a wonderful antidote after the vaporings of Arthur Krock and sundry other known and unknown writers on the august New York Times. I think you are doing a wonderful job in delineating the character of contemporary affairs and it gives courage to know that one magazine on the market is voicing the opinions of the majority of the American people."

It seems that the Dean of Canterbury's book, *The Soviet Power*, is helping to increase the number of NM's readers. A friend writing from Chicago tells us: "About a month ago, I gave the Dean's volume to an old school friend who has been, to put it mildly, not at all friendly toward socialist ideas or the Soviet Union. He read the book and while I would hardly say that his views

have changed completely, they are moving in the direction of a better understanding of what socialism can do for him as a doctor. Equally interesting is that he asked for other material and I suggested a weekly reading of NM. So enclosed is enough money to cover subscriptions both for him and two other people to whom I have sent the Dean's book."

Who's Who

G. S. JACKSON is a research worker and a student of European economic developments. . . . Harrison George is editor of the *People's World*, published on the West Coast. . . . Demetrios Christophorides is a prominent Greek journalist and editor of the newspaper *Eleftheria*. . . . Dalton Trumbo is a screen writer and novelist. . . . Sidney Alexander's poems and reviews have appeared in many publications. . . . Isidor Schneider was formerly literary editor of NM, and is the author of *From the Kingdom of Necessity*. . . . Isabel Cooper has frequently reviewed art exhibitions for NM. . . . Lloyd E. Trent has for several years been connected with the big radio chains.

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXXVIII, NO. 8

February 11, 1941

Germany's Real Rulers by G. S. Jackson	3
We Can Win Peace by Rev. John B. Thompson	7
Gropper's Cartoon	9
22,000,000 Housewives: Take Notice by Harrison George and Ruth McKenney	11
Was Metaxas Murdered? by D. Christophorides	12
Strictly Personal by Ruth McKenney	13
On Publishing a Book by Dalton Trumbo	14
Anniversary Greetings	16
Editorial Comment	17
Readers' Forum	21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

General Jackson Comes Back by Samuel Sillen	22
The Corn Country by Sidney Alexander	23
The Fellowship of Laughter by Isidor Schneider	23
Brief Reviews	23

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Kaethe Kollwitz: Artist as Warrior by Isabel Cooper	24
Halfway on the Boards by Alvah Bessie	25
Bombarding the Ether by Lloyd E. Trent	26
DeMille as Historian by Daniel Todd	28
"Little Symphony" by Lou Cooper	31
Artwork by Caselli, Clinton, Jamison, Matulka, Rodney.	

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Germany's Real Rulers

Twenty-five of the largest companies have just netted war profits second only to heavy industry in America. Hitler does the job for the tycoons and Junkers.

WHAT is German fascism? Is it capitalism? Is it socialism? Or is it something totally different from both?

The answer of many liberals is that German fascism is a "new form" of socialism, a sort of middle way, unforeseen by Marxists: i.e., it has been installed from the top by the Nazis—a "new class"—rather than from the bottom by the proletariat. The liberals say that all industry has been regimented and is now managed by the Nazis in the interest of "state socialism." They say, too, that the industrialists of pre-Hitler days have either been stripped of their power or thrown out of the country altogether.

The answer of the American capitalists is somewhat different. In fact they have two answers. One for public consumption is featured in the front pages of the newspapers, the magazine sections, and the editorial columns. Its thesis is that Germany is a "socialistic" state, which has been "purged of its democratic and capitalistic elements"; that there has been a "revolution" and that "Hitlerism is brown Communism and Stalinism is Red fascism." The second answer appears only in the financial news. Take, for example, these notes published in the *New York Times*:

This [German speculation tax] means that profits derived from trading in shares . . . will be considered speculative and taxable under the income tax law. (Dec. 23, 1940)

Will the trend toward cheaper money and the resultant upward tendency of the securities market continue in 1941? This is the principal problem that currently is absorbing attention in German financial and stock market circles. . . . (Dec. 30, 1940)

This is Wall Street's true conception of the Nazi dictatorship. Our economic royalists recognize that capitalism, with its concomitants of stock market gambling, profit making, and living on unearned income, still exists in Germany.

Fascism is not "brown Communism," but black capitalism. The German economy is run by big business. Big business continues to make profits and pay dividends to private and corporate owners of invested capital. It has not been taxed out of existence. And 90 percent of the men on its boards of directors are the same industrialists who ran German business before Hitler came to power.

The same complex financial set-up is present under German fascism as under American

capitalism. The industrial plant of the country is owned and operated by private individuals. There are partnerships, limited liability companies, corporations, joint stock companies, trusts, monopolies, cartels, and syndicates. There are stocks, bonds, debentures, treasury notes, and mortgages. Money is borrowed from private persons, corporations, banks, credit companies, and the government, and interest is paid on these loans.

A number of German trusts and cartels also are closely linked with foreign monopolies. For instance, Opel AG, the German auto works, is completely owned by General Motors. *Allgemeine Elektrizitaets AG* is 25 percent owned by General Electric. The German company, *Metallgesellschaft AG*, owns jointly with Rio Tinto of England the European Pyrites Corp., Ltd. *IG Farbenindustrie*, Germany's biggest trust, and Standard Oil of New Jersey together own the Standard IG Co. of the United States. Du Pont has a million-dollar investment in *IG Farbenindustrie*, and Imperial Chemical Industries of England has more than a two-million-dollar investment in the same firm. These are but a few of the combinations and arrangements between the so-called "socialized" industries of Germany and the capitalist corporations of the United States and Great Britain.

Here, then, are all the outer trappings of capitalism. But the inner heart, the quintessence of capitalism is making a so-called "fair"

return on money. Are profits being made in Nazi Germany? An examination of the twenty-five largest companies shows that not only are profits being made, but they do not lag far behind those of the United States, the world's greatest capitalist power.

Amount Earned by Industrial Concerns on Invested Capital¹
(15 largest in both countries)

Year	Germany	United States
1928 ^(a)	8.9%	11.6%
1932	0.5	0.4
1936	7.7	10.5
1938 ^(b)	7.7	5.6

The latest available reports for German business in 1939 give figures for six of these companies. Their return was 8.0 percent on invested capital.

Between 1928 and 1936, the trend of German and American figures was fairly similar. However, between 1936 and 1938, there is a great disparity, and the profits under American capitalism, which is by far the healthier of the two, fell off by more than 40 percent as a result of the 1937-1938 "recession." In Germany, however, Hitler's armament program prevented any similar decline in the profits of the fifteen leading industrial concerns.

These figures, by themselves, show clearly that Germany is no more socialist than the United States; however, they do not reveal the entire picture. Nazi business made even greater profits than it cared to list in its income reports.

To find the true profit figures, it is necessary to analyze the balance sheets, to trace the increase in tangible assets, such as inventories, investments, cash, and plant and machinery, as against corresponding increases in liabilities, such as capital stocks, reserves, and bonded or bank debts.

For example, *Harpener Bergbau*, a coal mining and brick manufacturing concern, reported a total profit of 23.9 million RM (*Reichsmarks*) from 1932 to 1939 inclusive. But, during the same period, the total assets of the company increased from 202.2 to 317.8, a gain of 115.6 million RM. These increases show themselves in tangible assets, the principal ones being plant and machinery, up 28 million RM; investments, up 58.7 million RM; cash and inventories, up 14.2 million RM.

During this period the company borrowed only 7.2 million RM, which, added to the 19.6 million RM rise in accounts payable,



Rodney

make 26.8 million RM legitimate increase in liabilities. Against this, there is an 88.8 million RM net increase (115.6 minus 26.8) in assets, which add to the book value of the common stock. In reality they represent additional profits.

Thus the true profits for *Harpener Bergbau* between 1932 and 1939 were not 23.9, but 88.8 million RM, which is an average return of 18.5 percent per year on invested capital. At this rate, the original capital is paid back in full every five and a half years! And *Harpener Bergbau* is not an isolated example. Krupp, the two Siemens Electrical Works, and others, show the same type of hidden profits for the years of Hitler's rule.

People often say, well, suppose profits are being made—the money either is kept in the business or turned over to the government, the investor no longer “gets his.” This, too, is false. The coupon-clipper is getting an even larger share of the profits today than he did in 1928.

Percent of Profits Paid Out in Form of Dividends
(15 largest companies in both countries)

Year	Germany	United States
1928	65.4%	60.0%
1932 ^(*)		
1936	66.6	79.8
1938	87.7	81.6

Beside the fact that a higher percentage of profits are paid in dividends, dividends are paid by more companies under Hitler than they were in the peak profit years of the twenties. In 1928 four companies out of the leading twenty-five paid no dividend, while in 1938 every concern paid dividends.

Nor can the loan stock law, passed in 1934, which limited dividends to 8 percent be called confiscation. This law required all monies above 8 percent to be deposited to the stockholders' account in the government-controlled *Deutsche Golddiskontbank*. It is merely a type of government borrowing; in return for the money, the government issued “loan stock” to every shareholder, upon which it pays interest just as the US Treasury does on its funded debt. At the outbreak of war, dividends were further restricted to 6 percent. However, according to the New York *Times* reports from Berlin, both on December 15, 1940 and January 6, 1941, this restriction is not being enforced. Moreover, in the account of December 15, it was stated that when the law expired (at the end of 1940), the German government did not plan to renew it since, according to them, “the ‘voluntary discipline’ of business is now sufficiently strengthened to prevent the declaration of ‘excessive’ dividends.”

Another one of the misconceptions about the German system is that the taxes are “eating up” the profits. Profits, however, are only shown on the German income statements after payment of taxes, dues, social contributions, labor front funds, etc. Since profits are shown in Germany, we may conclude that German capitalists have not been

taxed out of business. In the following table the figure for taxes includes all other contributions.

Year	Germany
1928	Taxes were 172% of profits
1932 ^(*)	
1936	Taxes were 182% of profits
1938	Taxes were 391% of profits

This table represents merely a comparison between tax and profit figures, and is not the method of computing taxes for payment to the government. To see how it is possible to have taxes one and a half to four times as great as profits, take this hypothetical case. A business takes in a gross, or total, of 100,000,000 marks. Out of this it pays, say, 40,000,000 marks for operating expenses, 40,000,000 for wages, 5,000,000 for interest and depreciation, and 10,000,000 for taxes. Since all expenses have been accounted for, the 5,000,000 marks which remain represent profit. In this instance, then, the taxes (10,000,000 marks) are twice as big as the profits (5,000,000 marks) or 200 percent of the profits.

These figures show, of course, that German taxes are tremendously high (tax on fifteen American concerns was 19 percent of profits in 1936), but the main point is that profits, nevertheless, continue large. Moreover, the figures show that German taxes were very high even before Hitler. And nearly four years after the Nazis took power, the tax rate was only 10 percent greater than in 1928; thus Nazism, per se, is not responsible for the great rise in the taxation of German corporations.

Far from being taxed out of business or being collectivized, the trusts and monopolies have tightened their grip. According to Guenter Reimann's book, *Vampire Economy* (1939), it is the “retailer” and “shop owner,” not the “man in the ranks of big business” who has suffered under Hitler. The big concerns are squeezing out the small ones. This is the only kind of expropriation of capital that is taking place. In the year 1936 alone, 136,000 craftsmen's workshops went out of business, and the total number of corporations in Germany fell from 11,690 in 1928 to 9,634 in 1932, and finally to 5,518 in 1938.

The process of enriching monopoly capital at the expense of small and medium sized business has been accelerated by edict of the Nazis. Here are three among many of the laws passed by the fascists with the sole aim of assisting big business:

1933: No new credit institution can come into being unless it has a special permit from the government.

1937: No new business can start without a capital of at least 500,000 marks. No established firm can remain in business with a capital of less than 100,000 marks.

1938: The chairman of the Board of Directors is no longer subject to control by the Board—elected by the shareholders—but is to act by himself on the “leadership” principle.

As we might expect, the figures indicate the swift growth of big business. For example, the number of German firms with a share capital of 5,000,000 RM or more declined from 750 in 1928 to 616 in 1938. But in 1928, the 750 firms held only 55.8 percent of the total capital of the country, whereas in 1938, the 616 concerns accounted for 77.2 percent of the total capital. Thus the power of the large firms has increased and become concentrated in fewer concerns.

What is true is that in Germany there is a closer fusion of the state and finance-capital than in other countries, a fact which liberals frequently cite as an evidence of socialism. But this was true of Germany long before the Nazis came to power (Lenin pointed this out in his *Imperialism*), though they have accelerated state capitalist trends. For example, even before Hitler the German government owned or controlled through majority stock holdings, among others, the *Deutsche Golddiskontbank*, *Ilseeder Huette* (steel), *Vereinigte Industrie Unternehmungen AG* (syndicate for aluminum, nitrates, wholesale electric power, coal mining, etc.), and, of course, the Reichsbank. On the boards of directors of these concerns, appointed by the Nazi government, we find in 1938-9 such capitalists as Carl Goetz, August von Finck, Franz Urbig, August Krupp, Hermann Schmitz, Albert Voegler, Friedrich Reinhardt, Oscar Sempell, Emil Georg von Strauss, representing both before and since Hitler the most powerful industries, banks and insurance companies in the Reich.

This brings us face to face with the myth, propagated so freely nowadays, concerning the industrialists of good old democratic Germany who have supposedly been booted out of power by the Nazis. Said the *Times* when Thyssen left Germany last year:

Step by step, Herr Thyssen and his fellow industrialists saw all but nominal control of their business taken away from them. Their misgivings sharpened into alarm as they watched the confiscation of political power extended to every other department of life. . . . Now Herr Thyssen flees to Switzerland to escape the Revolution.

The *Times* also informed us that Thyssen fled from the “threatened consequences” of his opposition to government policies. For many months, however, the fearful Thyssen wandered quite freely around the Riviera in German-conquered France, and it was only after his presence had been pointed out to the Germans by an American traveller returning from abroad, that the *Times* was able to tell us he had been “questioned” by the German police. Fritz Thyssen's break with Hitler was due to his opposition to the Soviet-German pact; most other German tycoons have continued to support Hitler's policies. The latest available records of the present boards of directors of the twenty-five largest industrial concerns, banks, and insurance companies in Germany show that they are manned more than 90 percent by persons who were prominent before Hitler was more

than a shadow on a beerhouse floor. The figure of 90 percent is not drawn out of a goldfish bowl. It is by actual count the percentage of directors and officers whom I have been able to locate in industry and finance before March 1933 from reports published in *Moody's*, the *Handbuch der Deutschen Aktien-Gesellschaften*, and the German and International *Who's Who*. Out of a total of 604 directors and officers of the twenty-five largest companies in 1936, I found 573, or 94.9 percent on the boards of important companies in 1932 or before. And I found 499 men in 1938-39 out of a total of 545, or 91.5 percent.

Even more startling are the figures for the chairmen and vice-chairmen of forty-three of the largest corporations in Germany. In view of the law which handed over almost absolute power to the board chairmen, these figures are not only significant but spectacular, for in 1936, 101 out of 103 chairmen and vice-chairmen had been prominent industrialists before Hitler came to power; and in 1938-39, 101 out of 104 had been important businessmen. The mildest type of "revolution" should have brought in more than two or three new men to fill the key industrial positions, if the overthrow

of big business power had been the aim of the Nazi government.

To those people who insist that the industrialists of Germany have only "nominal control," and hold membership on the boards of directors by grace of Hitler, we must point out that the Nazi domestic and foreign policies have brought about the fulfillment in large part of the anti-labor and imperialist dreams of the German capitalists and Junkers. Both at home and abroad Hitler has sought to enrich and strengthen the financial and industrial tycoons. Who, then, is the real master of Germany?

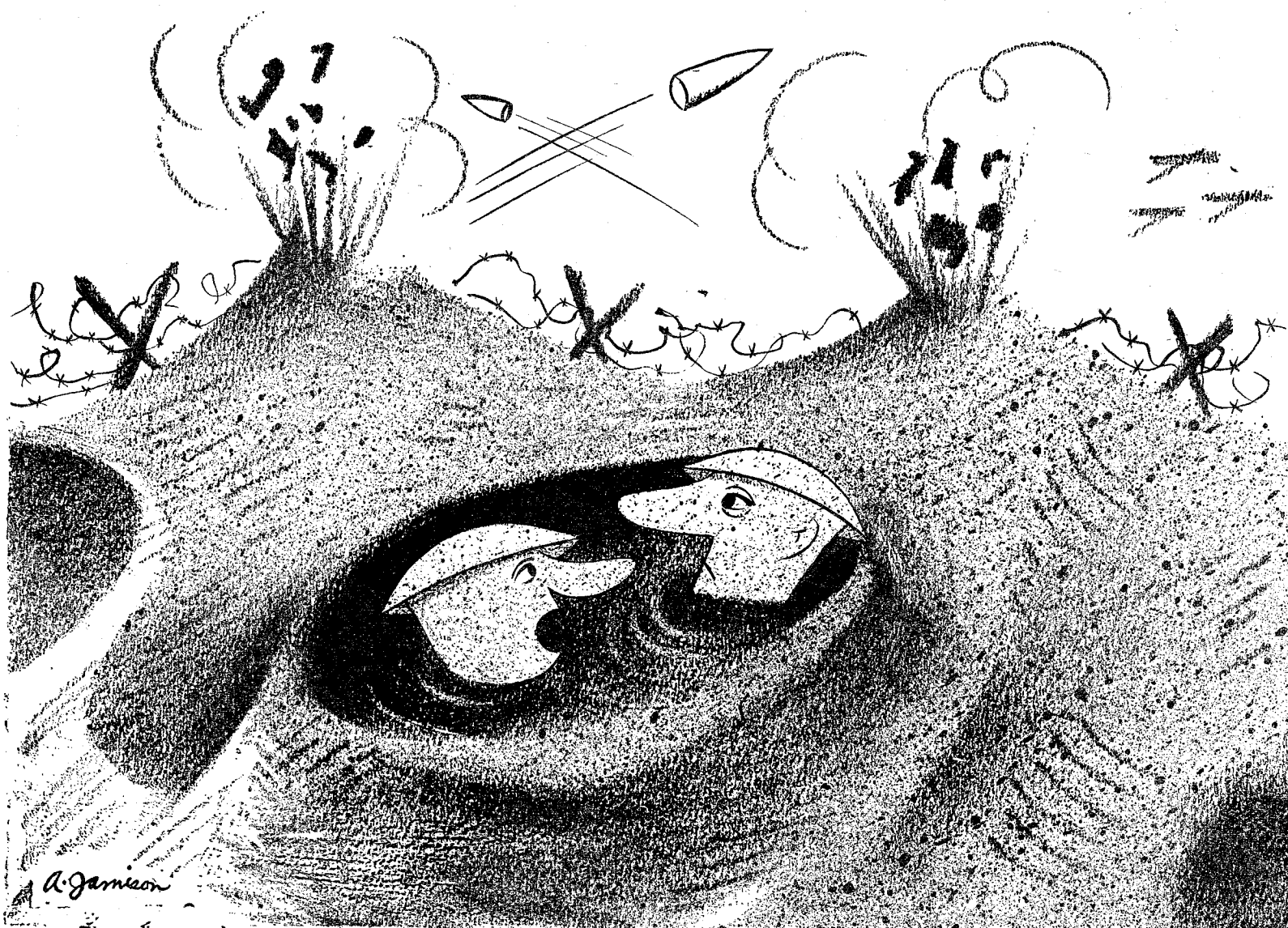
Under the Nazis, trade unions have been eliminated, wages controlled, hours lengthened, and the outward manifestations of the labor struggle ruthlessly suppressed. Heavy industry, realm of the most powerful industrialists, has been expanded at the expense of consumer goods industries: in 1938 three times as much capital was invested in the heavy (war) industries as in 1933, but only one-third again as much capital was invested in consumer goods during the same period. From the earliest inception of the Third Reich, war has been its goal: war which brings immediate profits to industry, as well as future gains through new markets and

valuable new sources of raw materials.

In agriculture, the Junkers, or great landowners, have been helped, rather than the poor farmers: over half the agricultural subsidy has gone to 3,000 out of a total of 41,435 agricultural units. The greatest trusts have advanced upon the backs of small and medium-sized industry, as well as over the bodies of the Jews. Ten billion marks of Jewish capital has found its way into pure Aryan pockets, and two or three banks have been able to gobble up the cream of the formerly Jewish-owned banks, 553 having been taken over between 1933 and 1937.

Could a Rockefeller or a du Pont do anything more for his class? Could either complain, if their instruments, Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels followed their example and personally joined the ranks of capitalists by creating their own fortunes from plunder and oppression of the people? And why should the big business interests of Germany object to maintaining a large Nazi political bureaucracy when it gives them such rewards?

However, if all Hitler had done for the nabobs of industry still didn't make Germany as attractive to capital as the United States or England, if indeed they felt that "socialism" was on its way in, these men



A. Jamison

"The President says his next bill will surely keep us out of war."

might have left the country. Nor would they have been exactly penniless, since hundreds of them have amassed gigantic assets outside of Germany.

Carl Friedrich von Siemens, head of the two electrical trusts which bear his name—*Siemens & Halske* and *Siemens Schuckertwerke*—might, if things had seemed too dreadful for capitalists in the new “collectivist” state, have found a small job in one of his own subsidiaries which exist as separate companies in Buenos Aires, London, Tokyo, Madrid, Warsaw, Zurich, Paris, Basle, Prague, and Athens.

Then take the case of Carl Goetz, chairman of the Dresdner Bank, second largest in Germany, and director of the *Allianz und Stuttgarter Verein Versicherungs* (insurance), *Commerz und Privatbank*, *Allgemeine Elektrizitaets AG* (German General Electric), Krupp Works, and *Vereinigte Stahlwerke* (Germany's biggest steel trust), besides numerous smaller firms. In 1936-38, Goetz was president of the Bank of Danzig and a director of the Bank of Luxembourg; both were outside of Germany then. Yet instead of gladly fleeing the country, he chose to remain in Nazi Germany, clinging to “nominal control” of German industry.

Even more strange is the case of F. Fentener Van Vlissingen, director of the German companies *Harpener Bergbau* (coal and bricks), *Vereinigte Stahlwerke* (iron and steel), and *Vereinigte Glanzstoff* (rayon). Fentener Van Vlissingen is Dutch, and lives in Amsterdam, so the coercion of the Gestapo could not have reached him till last spring. During all the years when he held “nominal” positions in German industry, he was also a prominent Dutch industrialist, holding, among others, the chairmanship of *Algemeene Kunstzijde Unie NV* of Holland (stock prices listed every day in the *New York Times*). AKU has English, French, Italian, and American subsidiaries. If Fentener Van Vlissingen had nothing to lose in Germany but his chains, he would have fled across the ocean before the Nazis arrived in Holland, and found a safe berth in the American Enka Co. or the North American Rayon Co., of which he is respectively president and director.

That men like these should continue for one moment in Germany shorn of power is so fantastic that it is scarcely worth thinking of. If they had been deposed, we should find them here in our own country, crying in the arms of Morgan and Rockefeller, writing virulent articles for the American press, just as the White Russians have been doing for the past twenty years.

The case of Edmund Hugo Stinnes, Jr., seems to be of a special character. Stinnes owns two firms in this country, Hugo Stinnes Industries, Inc., and Hugo Stinnes Corp., capitalized at a total of \$65,000,000. On January 14 there appeared in the *Times*, buried away in a story of the arrival of the American Export liner *Siboney* from Lisbon, news of “a mystery passenger,” Mrs. Margiana Stin-

nes, wife of Edmund Hugo Stinnes, Jr. For the first time it became known that Stinnes himself has been in this country since June, having arrived from England via Canada on a British passport. He left Germany two months before the war and had been living in England, where he has important investments, unmolested by the British government which has herded thousands of anti-Nazis into concentration camps. “I am definitely not an exile and not a refugee,” Mrs. Stinnes told the press. Both she and her husband have immigrant visas for permanent residence though anti-fascist refugees are in most cases unable to secure even transit visas. At the same time Stinnes said that he still has holdings in Germany. All of which is most curious, to say the least. Can it be that Stinnes is serving as the link between German, British, and American business interests, pursuing his devious ways with the approval of all three governments?

To sum up: fascist Germany is a capitalist country. Big business makes a sizable return on its invested capital, and then salts away even larger profits in the form of hidden reserves. A percentage of profits, greater than ever, is being paid out in the form of dividends, so that the tiny population which subsists on unearned income may continue its idle existence. Small business is being forced to the wall by big business (according to the laws of the development of capitalism), and big business fattens on the carcass of the diminishing middle class. Heavy industry, which suffered severely in the period immediately before Hitler came to power, has received new life from the orders for instruments of death. All brands of capitalists, foreign and domestic, “democratic” or “fascist,” remain in Germany, their snouts close to the feedbag of war economy. And the actual situation confirms the Marxist characterization of fascism in power as “the open terrorist dictatorship of the most reactionary, most chauvinistic and most imperialistic elements of finance capital.”

In spite of the overwhelming proof of the existence of capitalism in Germany, our reactionaries would like us to believe that fascist Germany is merely a variant of socialist Russia—something they themselves have never believed. They would like us to think that this war is different from the last, that it is not imperialist, since Germany is not a capitalist country, but, on the contrary, threatens the entire “system of private enterprise” which these war apologists iden-

tify with democracy. I have shown, however, that Germany is a capitalist country essentially no different in its economic structure from the United States or Britain. Real socialism exists and flourishes only in the Soviet Union. Even the most cursory examination of its economic system shows that it is the very antithesis of the system in Germany, the United States, England, and other capitalist countries. And if fascism is capitalism, it is clear that the overthrow of the fascist dictatorships in Germany and Italy will be achieved not by the Churchills and Roosevelts (Churchill revealed in his recent speech to the Italians that he wants to preserve fascism), but by the German and Italian people who will create a new social order of peace and abundance by taking economic power into their own hands.

G. S. JACKSON.

¹ U. S. figures, compiled from Moody's Industrials, represent the following 15 largest companies: American Tobacco Co., Bethlehem Steel, Chrysler, Du Pont, General Electric, General Motors, Great Atlantic & Pacific, Liggett & Myers, Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck, Socony Vacuum, Standard Oil of N. J., Swift & Co., Texas Corp., U. S. Steel.

German figures from the same source. Directorates from Moody's, *International Who's Who*, *German Who's Who*, and *Handbuch der Deutschen Aktien Gesellschaften*. They represent the following companies: *Allgemeine Elektrizitaets AG*. German General Electric, known as AEG. *Feldmuhle Papier und Zellstoffwerke*. Paper. (Figures for 1928 unavailable—used only for directorates). *Gutehoffnungs Aktienverein fuer Bergbau u. Huettenbetrieb Nurnberg, und Oberhausen*. Known as Good Hope Steel and Iron Co. *Harpener Bergbau*. Coal and bricks. *I. G. Farbenindustrie*. Chemicals. Known as I. G. *Ilse der Huette*. Iron and steel. *Karstadt (Rudolf)* chain department store. *Friedrich Krupp AG* steel and munitions. *Mansfield AG fuer Bergbau u. Huettenbetrieb*. Smelting. *MIAG Muhlenbau und Industrie AG*. Machinery. *Siemens & Halske* electrical equipment. *Siemens Schuckertwerke* electrical equipment. *Vereinigte Glanzstoff Fabriken AG*. Rayon. *Vereinigte Stahlwerke*. Steel. *Vereinigte Industrie Unternehmungen*. Known as VIAG. Syndicate for aluminum, nitrates, etc. *Westdeutsche Kauhof*. Chain department stores.

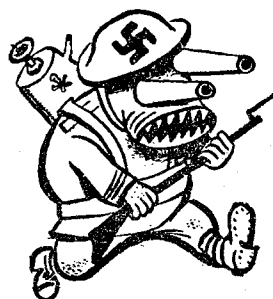
Following companies used in directorates: reports from Moody's financial volumes. Ten banks and insurance companies—the largest. *Allianz und Stuttgarter Lebensversicherungs AG*—life insurance. *Allianz und Stuttgarter Verein Versicherungs AG*—insurance. *Commerz und Privatbank AG*. *Deutsche Bank*. *Deutsche Golddiskontbank*. *Dresdner Bank*. *Koelnische Ruckversicherungs Gesellschaft*—insurance. *Muenchner Ruckversicherungs Gesellschaft*—insurance. *Reichsbank*. *Victoria Zu Berlin Allgemeine Versicherungs AG*—insurance.

² 1928 was Germany's best year after the war.

³ This includes three companies whose reports cover fiscal years from June to June or September to September, thus going into 1939.

⁴ Only three German firms out of 15 paid dividends in 1932. Six showed profits. Fifteen American firms, showing a total profit of 32.9 million dollars, paid out 308.3 million dollars in dividends in 1932. This meant that they drew from their reserves.

⁵ Twelve firms lost 30.3 million RM and paid 246.5 million RM in taxes.



How We Can Win Peace

The Rev. John B. Thompson, a leading Presbyterian churchman, describes the America of 1941. "Freedom is a new conquest for each generation. . . ." Safeguarding democracy.

WHEN Mr. McCheekumchild was trying to teach political economy to little Sissie Jupe (in Dickens' most incisive social novel, *Hard Times*) there was one problem which little Sissie Jupe could not comprehend: it was the problem of statistical averages. Somehow she never knew the right comments to make on the percentage of seagoers who were drowned or the percentage of English people who were starved in a year without asking first whether or not she was among those drowned or starved. This greatly enraged her professor of economics; but it was the question of supreme importance to Sissie Jupe.

We are here to work for the Sissie Jupes and the John Does of America who can not command the headlines of the newspapers and whose pictures are not put in the paper whenever they wish to make a statement. But we can not describe the state of the nation without giving an account of Sissie Jupe and John Doe: for they happen to be the majority of American citizens and abstractions mean nothing to them. The only way they can know how democracy is getting along is to experience some democracy themselves in their own immediate working and social relationships.

THE BACKGROUND

We have long since learned that we do not get a true picture of history when we recount the story of kings and nobles and ambassadors and presidents. In fact we have observed that often in the crises and emergencies of history, as for instance in the familiar period of Nehemiah in the Old Testament, the nobles and rulers took advantage of a serious national emergency to loot and exploit the poor: very much as men loot the goods of the victims of flood and fire. We also remember the moral indignation and the social struggle that were necessary to challenge this parasitic policy of the men of that particular era. So we are here this week-end representing and reporting the anonymous people who are the vast majority of this nation. We are here to ask what this national emergency is doing to them: what are their worst perils and where lie their hopes; and what we have to do with their destiny.

Great emergencies do strange things to people: they bring out their best and their worst. The significant fact is that a crisis reveals a man's true loyalties and his true convictions. Those who have never believed in the ship anyhow, scuttle it like rats. Those who have put their lives into the making of the voyage, quietly become heroes. All the variations of both these results you and I are witnessing.

We look at our government. There, many

of the men who are supposed to be representing us and speaking our convictions are busy shifting the labels of democracy. They continue to use the language of democracy even while they remove or destroy its content so that our boys may think they are dying for democracy even if the fight turns out to be a fight for imperialism. And a new arrogance is born of such deceit. We hear today of "the sovereignty of the government" as opposed to the democratic concept of "the sovereignty of the people." Just what is this sovereign government which has produced a new forgotten man: the citizen! The true direction of such a government is revealed by HR 1776, a bill to add our elected senators and representatives to the roster of forgotten men; a bill which violates all the logic and experience of a democracy, a bill which promises to save democracy throughout the world by destroying it here at home. What the next step would be, if this bill passes, God only knows. (The tune is called "democracy" but note how rapidly the words change: "I hate war" becomes "All aid short of war" and in the twinkling of an eye "All aid short of war" becomes "All out aid to Britain." We might label this tragic scenario "From 1776 to HR 1776 in one reel.")

We look at business and industry. Here we find the real enthusiasm for war. The business journals speak blandly of the new war-boom prosperity. With suave cynicism they announce that no "peace scares" are on the horizon. Editorial fortune tellers assure their powerful clientele that there will be no more New Deal experimentation; no more domestic innovations or luxuries. . . . Out of

the other side of their mouths, these powerful men call on their fellow-citizens, from college professors down to the Joads, to "make sacrifices." This word sacrifice has taken on a new and strange significance. In the words of an old African folk-saying: "Mr. Full Belly tells Mr. Empty Belly—to sacrifice!"

We look at youth. Now youth is naturally idealistic and adventurous. But American youth today is bewildered, listless, hopeless, fatalistic. And the old men are worried because the youngsters don't cheer when the war drums beat. Aged writers for wealthy youth foundations scratch their heads and wonder if life has been too soft, if the NYA luxury has spoiled this generation, if we must shed blood again in order to discover the meaning of life.

EDUCATION

You and I know that youth will sacrifice anything for a real cause: for freedom, for justice, for the country's welfare. I have read the documents sent back from Spanish and from Chinese trenches: the letters of American youngsters who were glad to fight for democracy where the issues were clear. But youth in America today is bewildered. I live and work among students. I think I know them rather intimately. Their morals and their morale have sunk this year, terribly. And how could it be otherwise? Their adult leaders and teachers are already expressing a wartime mentality. Moral codes are already being turned upside down. Truth is already a casualty. This produces a black plague of social pathology. For the first time in my life I find youth—normally exultant in physical vitality and fitness—giving morbid thanks for physical disability and for chronic diseases that make military service unnecessary. . . .

We look at education. From coast to coast we find the bravest and most honest teachers living in fear. Star-chamber hearings are being arranged for those teachers who do not distort the truth to order and for those who are not easily intimidated. Is this because anyone seriously supposed that the professors will change the government overnight or destroy peace and order? No: it is part and parcel of a plot which has been brewing since long before this crisis: a plot to attack and weaken public education; a plot built on the thesis that those who are not able to pay for higher education should not have it. This attitude has been revealed in state after state in the treatment of higher institutions. It is part of a national backwash designed to lower appropriations and to intimidate education into conformity to the hysteria of this push toward war. It is part of the desperate effort on the part of reactionary interests to prevent the teachers of the country from organizing and cooperating



Gropper '28

with labor. Every program of this kind must have a myth to inspire it; and the trite old myth used in this campaign is the myth that intellectuals are superior, and that labor and farm people have lower mentality anyhow and do not need education. . . .

You know, as well as I, how this national emergency is affecting other large groups of our democracy's citizens. Farmers are being offered a phony prosperity and live under the constant threat of price spirals in their own buying markets. Political minority groups are being suppressed by legal and extra-legal means. The American Negro is discovering once more that this democracy which asks him to sacrifice will not offer him a democratic place even in its defense. . . . It is eleven years since the depth of the depression and yet families are still having to break up in order to subsist. Young married people who want children dare not fulfill this creative urge lest their children suffer insecurity and be turned quickly into cannon fodder. The great nobles of power and privilege take advantage of this emergency to deny the hard-won constitutional rights of labor, of teachers, of religious and political minorities. . . .

ORGANIZED LABOR

As in Nehemiah's time, with the walls of the city broken, many of the nobles of the intellect have also become traitors of the people. Many of my friends in the church who decried the hypocrisy of the last war are now beating the drums frantically and are identifying the Kingdom of God with the British empire. Many scholars of my acquaintance have become as hysterical and as emotional and as uncritically jingoistic as a 1920 delegate to an American Legion convention. Arguments are answered with labels; and it is considered unpatriotic to disagree with the latest outburst of hysteria.

Organized labor is the object of much of this hysteria for the simple reason that it is organized and therefore has great potential power. Each day screaming headlines play up whatever conflict, whatever threats of strikes there may be. The stories usually do not go on and tell what is back of this conflict. They do not paint an accurate picture of the huge stacks of war orders and the government subsidies which support expanding plants, nor of the refusal of some of these plants to meet rising costs of living with adequate wages. They do not give a true picture of the wide blitzkrieg on the fundamental rights of collective bargaining and on the only tools which labor can use (such as the strike) as an alternative to violence or slavery. Labor is always the culprit, in these stories. . . .

Now we are not here merely to view with alarm nor to wail. We are here to try to look at the state of the nation squarely and to report it honestly. More than that, we are here to assert by our presence and by our resolves of unity and peace action:

(1) That the vast majority of the American people do not want war. To be sure, the majority of American people would be willing to fight if this country were invaded. But they

have no assurance that they have been given candid or accurate reports of our real danger. When the testimony of our highest military experts must be given in secret, we are not sure it is democracy that we are asked to defend. There appear to be a good many jokers in the pack of this degenerated new deal where we are not to be allowed even to hold our own cards, but must have all the dealing, all the bidding, all the tallies handled by one man. The majority of Americans do not want to fight for that kind of democracy.

(2) We are here to assert that the cause of true democracy can not be served by identifying democracy with the destiny of British imperialism or any other imperialism. We do not even know what the war aims of England are. Mr. Kennedy does not know. Distinguished Englishmen do not know. Mr. Churchill says the aim is "victory," but that is hardly illuminating. I take it that "victory" is the aim of both sides of every fight. But when, where, how, over what, on what terms: we are not told. This much, however, we know: that every imperialistic victory is the seed-bed of future wars. Thank God, man is so made that he will not lie down under the yoke of slavery and be content. Where is this elusive victory to end? Is it to be the invasion of the continent? The domination of Europe? And of Asia? And of the whole world? We are not told.

(3) We are here to assert that we dare not leave the democratic offensive to individuals and groups whose records in the past are records of the sabotage and violation of democracy; and whose ambitions in the present are to build a new American empire of finance. We are here to act and to plan action on the basis of these observations and insights. We have learned at a terrific cost that democratic rights do not just happen automatically; and they are not preserved without effort. Freedom is a new conquest for each generation. . . .

You and I have learned—very late in the day—that no one group of people can save democracy alone. From time to time we thought that our particular group was the Messiah: the church, the peace sect, the labor union alone, women's organizations, civil liberties organizations, and most arrogant of all I presume, the condescending intellectuals. But in the day of crisis no one group is able to save democracy. . . .

We are here to recollect the inner resources of democracy, and to remember what we should never have forgotten: that the strength of democracy is not in any group (no matter how privileged or enlightened) but is in the people themselves. At long last we have discovered that we must pool all the true resources of democracy and peace—or else lose them all. Avoiding the pitfalls of blind isolationism (which overlooks the economic internationalism already existing) and of native-born fascism, it is our task to make democracy work in the most difficult atmosphere American democracy has ever known. Only the people can really defeat fascism abroad or here, for it is only the people who have a real stake in democracy. There is no other sound

way to bring about lasting peace and security.

This means that we have got to muster imagination and energy such as has never been demonstrated in this country before. It means that we have got to work out ways and means to speak and cooperate across the walls and boundaries which artificially divide workers and consumers, black and white, North and South, manual laborers and brain laborers. We should never have got in such a situation where the majority opinion is squelched and ignored. But here we are and we must start where we are.

THE PROGRAM

This simply leads up to the real task for which this conference was called. The American Peace Mobilization as an end in itself is not important. But as a means of bringing together the wide but scattered forces of real democracy already existing in this country it is supremely important. We may not feel ready for the huge responsibility before us, but events have called our hands. We have got to be ready, and we have got to act. The leaders and the members of all democratic and progressive organizations can keep this country out of war in only one way: by uniting their strength and their efforts locally and by states to demand that our representatives do not abdicate; and to demand that these representatives serve the will to peace of the majority of Americans and not the hysterical lust for power of our budding American imperialists. I think the spirit of our movement and the scope of our task was put very eloquently in Charlie Chaplin's famous closing speech in his recent picture:

"We all want to help one another. Human beings are like that. We want to live by each other's happiness—not by each other's misery. In this world there is room for everyone. Greed has poisoned men's souls—has goose-stepped us into misery and bloodshed. But the hate of man will pass, and dictators die, and the power they took from the people will return to the people. . . . Don't fight for slavery! Fight for liberty! You, the people, have the power to make this life a wonderful adventure. Then—in the name of democracy—let us use that power: let us all unite. Let us unite for a decent world that will give men a chance to work—that will give youth a future and old age a security."

You and I are here to work out the concrete, day-by-day program based on that creed. Such a task calls for greater energy and resourcefulness than we have ever demonstrated. But we have great strength, because we believe in man. . . . JOHN B. THOMPSON.

The above is the abridged text of an address delivered by Reverend Thompson at a conference of the American Peace Mobilization held in Washington over the week-end of January 25. In addition to holding the national chairmanship of the APM, Reverend Thompson is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Norman, Okla. He is also a member of the governing body of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare.



22,000,000 Housewives: Take Notice

Harrison George's reply to Ruth McKenney's articles "Women Are Human Beings." What does the housewife contribute to society? Miss McKenney urges a Bill of Rights for women.

DEAR RUTH: In the midst of a busy world, I've been trying to get time to send you a handful of orchids and a couple of brickbats for your stimulating and direly needed articles on women. And I want to emphasize that I truly appreciate your two pieces as highly valuable, courageous, nay, even foolhardy, attempts to bang away at the inertia, ignorance, and downright opposition that exists on this question. But like any true admirer, I don't want you to forget that your slugging had better be scientific, and that your attempts have shown that you stuck your chin out in several spots, quite unnecessarily, and in the friendliest sort of way I want to tell you where and how.

Both your articles, especially the one in *NEW MASSES* of December 17, are permeated with a wrong concept toward the housewife and her work. Since there are some 22,000,000 housewives, this is important to clarify. For people are the flesh and bone of political struggle. And 22,000,000 housewives do not live in a vacuum, nor is their social role so empty of economic and social importance as your articles would lead the reader to think.

In the December 17 *NEW MASSES*, you say: "Think of how great and strong and beautiful 65,000,000 American men have made this land; and now suppose that the energies, the skill, the brains, the hearts, the courage of 65,000,000 women were added to the labor power of our country. What a world we women could build side by side with our men, if we only had the chance."

WOMEN'S PRESENT ROLE

Now, of course, I know what you are driving at, the equal right of women as human beings to participate as workers in industry, etc. But in doing this, you are derogating the dignity and usefulness, in a socially necessary Marxian sense, of women's present role; a role that must be understood even though we want to change that role.

Leaving aside subjective anger at the de-meaning character of housework, let us understand that the *labor power* of housewives has ever been used, and useful, in the *production of labor power* for industrial production.

Surely, the generations of women who worked, and not only in the home—although time was when much of industry was in the home—to build up this "great, strong, beautiful land"—if you choose to call it that—would be surprised, could they read your article, to learn that they had no useful or constructive part in it.

Women, the majority of them, have *always* worked, under *all* systems of production. The housewives of the workers are *also* a part of the working class. Hence, it is odd that you seem to overlook that fact, and say: "But

capitalism, which educates the modern woman to do productive work, rarely needs her labor power" or "If women were ever needed to work, the majority of women, I mean, in this country, you would see an overnight reversal in the silly propaganda forced down women's throats today."

WOMEN AND FASCISM

Apparently "work," as you understand the term, means only such things as factory work, while the work of the home, where labor power is renewed daily and reproduced, is not "work" at all, but "idleness." Yet here, labor power, that of the housewife, is usefully expended in the creation of new labor power, the most valuable of commodities. Granted that it is slavery, but so is the labor power of the menfolk expended in the factory. Let us not lose sight of the economic fact that it is labor power. Let the housewife have at least the inner dignity of being useful to society, and from that point of departure—of departure, mind you—let her organize for better conditions.

To say or imply that 22,000,000 housewives have no useful role, make no contribution to society as it is *now* organized, is to deprive them of any right to make demands upon this society—except in the name of somebody else, their menfolk; or to demand only "Give us socialism!", a slogan that they are even less ready to accept than are their men, a slogan that Lenin specifically said you could "shout from the housetops without any result." Yet a slogan that is your one and only proposal.

You say: "The women of Great Britain today have come up out of the slavery of the home to do honest, socially necessary work." Is housework not "honest, socially necessary" work? It would appear so. But then, the making of munitions, which you characterize as "honest and socially necessary" is, for some reason, "gall in their mouths and wormwood in their hearts." Ruth, don't you see that this analysis is just plain cock-eyed?

Then you have it that: "Hitler 'solved' unemployment by . . . forcing all women out of schools and factories, offices and professions, back to the middle ages and the purdah."

He did no such thing, Ruth, and you are not mistaken in analysis here, but facts. It should be firmly kept in mind that the whole campaign against "women who work" and the fascist drive to get women "back in the home" is a fraud. It is a tactic, not to force women out of industry, but to force them to work at "bootleg" wages and under inferior conditions—for work they must, in order that they and their families may live. It is a fascist trick to make woman a scapegoat, to divide the people. For you should know that, in 1936,

there were *more* women employed outside the home in Nazi Germany than when Hitler took power in 1933.

To resume a little elementary Marxism. You say: "So the woman, trained for emergency, is fed a whole library of ideas, to keep her safe in the grueling, unpaid labor of the home." It is grueling, no doubt. But it is not "unpaid." Here you have for the moment gotten away from the error that women in the home are idle, useless, and non-contributors to society, and admit that they "labor." But you instantly get onto the wrong track in saying they are "unpaid." Well, what is the wage of a slave of any kind? Subsistence.

And there you have it. The housewife gets a subsistence wage, as does also her husband—who happens to be the one that brings it home. It is a *family wage*. The intermediary circumstance of the man bringing it home obscures the economic fact that the housewife's wage is the same as that of her husband—subsistence, if, as, and provided he is lucky enough to have a job.

The opposite extreme of the theory that she is "unpaid" is a wrong notion, that the man is enslaved by the woman, that the man gets no wages at all, for he must take it all home and fork it over to his wife.

Surely old Karl Marx might well have helped you clarify this idea. And it is vastly important that women and men, too, be clarified on it. For the induction of the housewife into the auxiliaries of the trade union can be attained *only* upon making them understand that *their own* "wages" and conditions of life depend upon the family wage brought home by the men.

INTERMEDIATE PROBLEMS

There is a vast field of work among these 22,000,000 housewives who do their own housework, that cannot be mapped programmatically until the progressive movement at least comprehends their status in the economic relations existing under capitalism. But certainly you are leaping over a whole mess of intermediate problems by proposing that 22,000,000 women go, forthwith, to work in industry. Industry, capitalist industry, cannot exist without this domestic economy as now arranged with these women *in* the household. We grant, we repeat that housework as now organized is outmoded, archaic, technically. But the problem is complex, similar to agriculture in a way, where millions of little producers are working by outmoded methods, where capitalist economists bluntly say that millions of these farmers are "unnecessary."

But it is not settled by merely declaiming "socialism will give them jobs in industry" any more than by agreeing that they are "unnecessary." Industry is not geared to include

them in any other form of relationship than that they now occupy. Neither are many of them geared for industrial jobs. The problem has many arms and legs, and it is not to be jumped at and "simplified" by tearing off the arms and legs and saying: "socialism will fix it." It will, but we have to have some answers for problems this side of socialism, too, even as we go forward to socialism.

THE SOVIET UNION

That, we think, is the virtue of learning from the experience of the Soviet Union. A whole new and revolutionary, collective economy in the *production of labor power* is being forced to develop as a result of the equality of women and their induction into industry, leaving home economy outmoded, and compelling by the problem this presents, the development of social feeding, the social care of infants, and all the former drudgery of the home to be reorganized into a brand new "industry."

But all the steps between here and there cannot be taken in a single bound, nor clarity given their direction if we do not understand where we start from, the social value of housework as done today in capitalist America. It is a mistake to derogate that value, for by doing so we do not encourage housewives to organize and struggle and make demands but lend moral support to the propaganda that women are, by nature, inferior beings, fit only for "inferior" work—work which is so inferior that it is incredible that they dare make demands for its improvement, such as nurseries, and all that these might do to liberate women under capitalism from the tedium and endless hours of wiping small noses and the multitude of cares going with the production of labor power.

No, making housewives realize that they do *useful* work for the capitalist class, and have a right to demand improved conditions, would encourage and not discourage, their organization and activity.

HARRISON GEORGE.

DEAR HARRISON:

Thank you for your exciting and valuable letter, and believe it or not, you're the first *man* who has written in to comment on the articles on women. A loud bravo to you.

I feel very much like the cat looking at the king, for alas, I am no Marxist of any proportions, and if you argued with me on any other subject in the world I would collapse at the first pin prick. But since this is near and dear to me, I will try to bounce in where angels fear to tread and say I don't agree with you.

First of all, on the question of whether or not housework is within the productive system. It has always been my understanding that by definition work which contributed to the productive system was work producing commodities; a commodity by definition is something which has *both* use value and exchange value. In addition, in a commodity

economy, socially necessary labor was, I always thought, the quantity of labor necessary to produce a commodity.

I do not mean to throw words around here, but this seems to me to be bedrock in thinking about the problems of women in our society. If housework was a paid occupation, it could be classed with other service jobs, such as selling goods, delivering them, and so on. Domestic workers who receive wages belong to this group, of course. But the work performed by a wife and mother is unpaid work; it has no exchange value and no use value; it is outside of the commodity system. It does not matter that housework is grueling and difficult and highly skilled work; it does not matter that housewives are often heroic, patient, cheerful, the mainstay of their families. Slave labor was also hard and difficult; it was also performed by brave and intelligent people. It seems to me you raise an emotional problem where none exists. *Of course* women deserve praise, credit, applause for their long martyrdom for *kinder* and *kuchen*. But that does not change the fact that they live in the midst of a commodity system, and are, with unimportant exceptions, barred from participating in it. Marx said that the fate of the working class under the capitalist system was cruel and hard, but that it could not be compared to the fate of those unfortunates who are excluded from it. And the most numerous of these today are women.

Now you argue that the man's wage is a family wage, and the wife is paid for service to the wage earner, and in the production (to put it baldly) of new wage earners. But I thought it was one of the characteristics of developed capitalism that wages paid tend to have no relation to the need of the individual wage earner, but only to the drive of the entrepreneur for more and more surplus value. Indeed, wage scales are, as a matter of fact, adjusted without any relation to the needs of the individual worker, and in any factory, workers without dependents receive the same wage as men with ten children. True, a society faced with the misery of the wage-earning population tries to level a few of the rough edges in mother's pensions, a little free medical attention, and so on. But these governmental or charitable sops do not, of course, affect the main question, which is that wages are *not* in my opinion family wages, but *only* are affected by the whole mechanism of commodity production. The laborer has *only* his labor power to sell; and the capitalist buys it on the market at the cheapest price he can pay, *regardless* of the individual worker's needs, for either feeding the next generation or paying his wife for her services. Any American can count up a hundred examples of industries where the annual wage is so frightfully low that it could not sustain even one wage earner, let alone include wages for his wife and supplies for his children. And if the wage is a family wage why does the wife's "wage" stop with unemployment?

This is the technical explanation, for me, of the modern woman's deep emotional reac-

tion to living on her husband's wages. It is a characteristic of women even in the most difficult occupations, such as share-cropping, to want their "own" money. Women without a single chance at fancy education use almost the same words as the Vassar graduate to describe their feeling of slavery. "I don't want to be beholden to no man," one woman says while another phrases it, "Every living human being needs to feel that he is independent, so I run this tea shop (or sell books, etc., etc.), to get a little money of my *own*." You may argue that housework is productive work in that it is useful; but that it is paid work, no housewife I have ever met will agree with you. If *you* asked her, she might say she agreed with you, for many women, even the most militant, are timid, and afraid of seeming an Amazon, or unattractive. But to another woman, what housewife would say she was doing productive work? It seems to me that you fall into the same error as the bourgeois apologists for housework, who try to tell women it is socially useful work.

A BILL OF RIGHTS

But to a Marxist, how can this possibly be so, when socially necessary work is by definition the quantity of labor necessary to produce a commodity which has use value, and exchange value?

However, if I disagree with you about housework, I do very much agree with you on the point that while socialism is the final answer, it is not the immediate one. My essay was written for a book, to go side by side with Pearl Buck and Mrs. Roosevelt, so it was rather impractical, I am afraid. Also, to be very honest, I don't know what the best immediate answer is for women. I should think there ought to be a program, a Bill of Rights for women, to confound the reactionary ladies with their anti-minimum wage bill, and to give us all something immediate and concrete to work for.

For all the foregoing arguments about productive labor, etc., are only relevant to highlight the fact that women's fate in this capitalist society is *NOT* a bad one because of custom, religion, law, or the sheer devilry of men, but is an entirely economic one. The day when women can achieve equality in the productive system with men is the day when every other item against women will be wiped off the books. In the meantime, what? Well, it is very obvious that we need to fight for women's rights in industry, first of all, and after that, women's opportunity in every field of culture.

However, I think it is exceedingly important that we all realize we can never get to first base by appealing to women as "housewives," and telling them their labor is glorious and important. They know better. "Freedom" would be a better battle-cry, or "Human Beings, ARISE!"

RUTH MCKENNEY.

In a future issue, NEW MASSES will present other contributions on the questions raised by Mr. George and Miss McKenney.

Was Metaxas Murdered?

Did he pay the "supreme sacrifice for overserving British or underserving German imperialism?"

THE dictator of Greece, John Metaxas, died last week, and the American press received the news with sorrow—another "Greek tragedy," they called it. Perhaps it was a tragedy, with the element of Nemesis in it for the purification of political sins. But reports from Sofia, from Rome, and even Istanbul suggest a death more violent than comes on the operating table. Perhaps dictator John Metaxas suffered the supreme sacrifice for overserving British or underserving German imperialism. In any case, it is a fact, as any Greek will tell you, that in the last eight or nine years, Greek statesmen have all been dying under somewhat mysterious circumstances. There was General Kondylis, for example, the man who thwarted the Metaxas putsch of 1923; Demerdjis, the predecessor of the dictator; and then there were Papanastasis, Michalacopoulos, and Tsaldaris, his rival among the royalists—all of them died within a year of each other and under unusual conditions. Was it fate that cleared the ground for John Metaxas, or were there more tangible, although invisible forces at work?

When the late Eleutherios Venizelos was attacked some eight years ago by a band of assassins, and was asked whom of his political opponents he suspected of the deed, he replied without reservation that only John Metaxas was capable of the crime. Three or four years after, a Mr. Polychronopoulos, the head of public safety at the time, admitted that the deed had been incited by John Metaxas. And now he is dead—the same one who, back in November, 1916, introduced his *Epistrati* on the European scene, the first stormtroopers, who broke into the homes of political opponents, maltreated men and women, lynched some and tortured others.

"THIRD CIVILIZATION"

But it was in the period since Aug. 4, 1936, that Metaxas surpassed himself. He became notorious for the crudity of his dictatorship, his "Third Civilization" modeled after Hitler's Third Reich. Its outstanding features were: castor oil, concentration camps on uninhabited, rocky islands; physical tortures such as placing prisoners on cakes of ice, ripping up their fingernails with needles, placing hot eggs under their armpits, spraining their legs. Nick Zachariades, general secretary of the Communist Party, has been confined in a narrow prison cell, his legs chained to the walls for several years, his sleep destroyed by the deliberate noise of his jailers. There was Michalacopoulos, a former prime minister of Greece, who, while being transported in the midst of a serious illness to some island in the Aegean, was thrown to a dock like a piece of baggage, an "acci-

dent" which caused his death. Most barbarous of all was the murder of young Maltezos, secretary of the Young Communist League, who was burned to death on a pyre in a prison yard. The man who did these things is mourned in the newspapers as a "fatherly," "scholarly" champion of democracy, although none of them explains so simple a question as how he got the name "dictator."

In a previous article for NEW MASSES, Nov. 26, 1940, I explained how this man came to power, tracing his Germanophile background in the first world war. It has been suggested that even after the Greek-Italian war broke out, Metaxas remained sympathetic to Germany, awaiting the moment to make his peace with Hitler. Others have suggested that he was no longer *persona grata* in Berlin, and that Nazi diplomacy was trying to find some more reliable figure for its designs. My guess is, that while Metaxas was compelled to go along with the king who is, of course, very pro-British, he did so in the hope of influencing the course of events from *within*. On the other hand, the king was unable to dismiss Metaxas, as one might have thought, because Metaxas was the prime mover in the much advertised "creative" regime; his dismissal would have reflected unfavorably on the prestige of the regime and the king himself, especially when citizens were being mobilized for war.

But it would be a serious mistake to believe that pro-Nazi or pro-German sentiment in Greece is confined to individual adventurers or ideologists. Pro-Germanism has been traditional in that country since the days of King Constantine, who broke with the pro-British Venizelos on the issue of entering the first imperialist war. In the appeasement days, the pro-British and pro-German groups cooperated rather well, and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht's barter system effectively oriented Greece to the continent. Tens of millions of dollars belonging to Greek merchants and bankers are today tied up in Germany. The tobacco, raisin, olive oil trade, as well as the investment in real estate, industries, and land mortgages binds many sections of the Greek ruling class to the continent. Many of these people doubt the strength of British naval power, or believe that it can only affect the Greek littoral in the future. They therefore consider Germany invincible. It is bound to control continental Greece in their opinion; why then should they in any way irritate Hitler? And there are quite a few who chafe under the bondage of Greek debt to the London City and remember that Lloyd George, the British prime minister, urged the Greeks on to their disaster and betrayal in Asia Minor in 1923.

Even among the Greeks in the United

States, there is a whispering campaign to the effect that a Nazi drive into Greece would be "friendly," that Hitler would enter the country, say through Yugoslavia, in the guise of the "savior." A considerable section of the Greek bourgeoisie in this country, including a wing of the daily press in New York, was, and in my opinion still is, sympathetic to the Nazis. Regardless of the outcome of the Greek-Italian war, the chances are, especially if the British seriously develop their foothold in the Balkans into a front, that the Germans will come into Greece, either as the mediators of "peace," or conquerors.

INTERNAL CRISIS

The death of Metaxas has, superficially, brought into power a pro-British figure, the former governor of the National Bank, Alexander Koryzis. The class of financiers whom he represents, controls the shipping industry, and holds mortgages on the farms amounting to 15,000,000,000 drachmas. Koryzis and his associates naturally had many ties and interests in Germany, especially during the barter days, but he is actually the J. P. Morgan, or better yet, the Montagu Norman of Greece, an agent and broker of British capital. His accession to power seems to favor the British in the struggle within the Greek ruling class.

But the change of regime may also reflect a crisis within the country, not only between sections of the ruling class but between the people and the regime. Many Greeks in the United States are getting letters from the old country couched in a symbolic phraseology to evade the heavy censorship. They speak of the hardships which the war has brought: entire families have been uprooted because of the air raids, the man power has been mobilized not only in the Albanian front but also along the Bulgarian border, and without man power the spring sowing will be difficult and harvesting impossible; the export outlets have been cut off. Despite patriotic emotion, the war has acted as a leaven. The entire country has been thrown into political awareness and excitement. The Greek *Evzone*, after all, is the farmer, the worker, the small businessman. And while he wants to see the invaders thrown back and defeated, he has many historic bonds of friendship for the Italian people. The economic problems which are wracking the country and torturing his family back home are very much on his mind.

It remains to be seen, therefore, whether the new government under Koryzis will be able to control this situation. The ruling class, as always, is divided. But there is a third camp—the camp of the people. A successful coordination of the Greek people's movement with the popular forces in Bulgaria allied with the Soviet policy of peace in the Balkans might bring Turkey and Yugoslavia into line. Churchill would not gain his front. Mussolini would not have his invasion. Hitler would not be able to reach the Dardanelles.

DEMETRIOS CHRISTOPHORIDES.

Strictly Personal

by RUTH MCKENNEY

The Chairman Speaks

WELCOME, friends. Welcome, welcome. I bid you welcome in the name of Squeedunk, N. J., town of homes. Now, ah, perhaps you wonder why we start this meeting with only twenty-nine persons present in this hall which seats 700? Well, ah, in the first place it is ten o'clock and we all have to make the 8:16 to New York tomorrow. Secondly, it is quite a bad night outside, it might snow at any time and even though the roads are clear it may well be that some of our leading citizens were afraid to venture out.

"Now, ah, we all know why we are gathered together here tonight. The 8,000 posters which plastered our little community for the last two weeks, contributed so generously by Mr. A. J. Weeks, vice-president of the American Steel Co., and owner of one of the loveliest homes in this lovely community. (Applause.) Take a bow, A. J.! Well, ah, these posters told about the formation of the Squeedunk, N. J., Home Defense Plan, in some detail. The members of the temporary committee now sitting on this platform (furious applause from the platform) ah, thank you friends, thank you, well anyway, these gentlemen will explain it to you in more detail, but as chairman of this meeting, I would like to explain that this Plan originally started in Wilton, Conn. Then it was written up in a ladies' magazine of large circulation, and now I am proud to say that forty-nine communities along the Eastern Seaboard have so far adopted this plan. I am sorry to say that the total population of these forty-nine towns is so far 87,356, but when Squeedunk adopts the plan tonight, as I am sure we will (noise in the auditorium) will the police please throw that subversive gentleman out? Well, as I say, when we adopt it, it will be 89,233, almost 2,000 more, and of course quality and not quantity counts, doesn't it? Interestingly enough, they are all within commuting distance of New York! Isn't that *interesting*? Well, well, of course after we of the towns of homes have worked out the defense Plan, then the bigger cities such as Pittsburgh (meaningful look at old A. J.) will come into the fold. Won't they, A. J.?"

"Well, before I sit down I guess I should talk about the moral principles of this Plan. After all, why are we preparing to defend Squeedunk, N. J.? Why bother, in fact? Well, do I need to name the enemy? (Hisses.) No,

of course not. But may I say that it is *within* as well as without. Yes, Hitler may land his parachute troops any day on Squeedunk soil (cries of 'No! No!'), all right then, No! but anyway that wasn't what I was talking about. Yes, Norway was betrayed from *WITHIN*. Think of this, friends, Squeedunk *TOO*, may be betrayed from *WITHIN*. Which of you can say with certainty he knows what his servants are reading? Do you know that the sale of love story magazines and other wholesome sorts of literature for the lower classes has recently declined in Squeedunk?"

"Well, well, I may be putting too much emphasis on this reading business for after all I am a publisher whose proud boast it has been that no one who ever read any single one of my 178 magazines, some monthlies, some weeklies, ever got a single unwholesome idea. But then, I don't want to bore you with shop-talk. (Laughter.) Just the same, in my lovely home, my wife conducts a survey of the literature found in the servants' rooms on their day off. Yes, *we* are prepared to make any sacrifice, even to the recent loss of the best cook we have had in eleven years, not to mention two parlor maids and a chauffeur, the only remaining servants being three nurse maids and a kitchen maid, a laundress and the butler. This shows you how subversive ideas have penetrated to Squeedunk. Imagine, these servants dared to quit because my wife searched their rooms.

"Well, well, I mustn't bore you with domestic problems. (Laughter.) Just the same, there will be a time soon when servants won't be *allowed* to quit by law. (Hysterical applause.) However, friends, we must get on with our business. Now the Plan says to set up several committees, and I will just announce who has been appointed so that you can ratify their names and everything will be ship-shape and as they say, Democratic. (Giggles.) The First Committee is Coast Defense. Mr. L. S. Burns, chairman. Mr. Burns is in Florida just now but you know he has the biggest yacht around here so naturally he should be chairman. Mr. Burns wired he was fitting up his yacht with three-inch guns and if it doesn't sink under the weight, it will be a first class fighting craft. Now naturally in the winter we can't have any coast defense, but on the first warm day, if it isn't choppy, we expect everybody who owns a boat to turn out for fleet practice.

Mr. Burns also wired that he felt commercial fishing should be prohibited in our waters. Let me see, here's his wire. 'Dear Charlie, How's the . . .' ah, that's a little personal. (Laughter.) 'About the defense thing. Think fishing should be prohibited in our waters. Gives the harbor a bad tone. Sportsmen excepted, of course, but I imagine those Italian fisherman are all spies or something. Cheerio. Wife says she will buy submarine if you'll let her be the commander.'

"What's that, A. J.? You think that telegram shouldn't be made public? Why not? Oh. You think it might anger the fishermen? But aren't they all spies? Oh. I see, you think we must try to enlist the lower classes in our defense effort and must avoid the use of such words as tone, sportsmen, and so on? I see. That puts a different light on the matter. Very well, exception noted, A. J. (Laughter.) Now Committee Number Two is the Military. Mr. Clopfer, chairman. Incidentally, I know some of you people will wonder about Mr. Clopfer, but I assure you, he *definitely* isn't Jewish. Not that I don't like Jews, but well, I just thought you'd like to know. Now about the drill. We feel that your servants of military age and sex (laughter) should be persuaded in some way or other (laughter) to drill. Nig—excuse me, *Negroes*—(laughter) will have a special troop, naturally we wouldn't have white and—er (laughter)—*Negroes*, together. Naturally, naturally. Committee Number Three, Employer-Employee Relations and Industrial Peace. Mr. A. J. Weeks. (Furious applause.) Take a bow, A. J. I guess we'll darn well have industrial peace now. (Cheers.) Now let me see. Committee on Americanism, that's me, folks. (Applause.) We're going to just wipe out subversive activities around here, believe me. I have a friend in Washington and he told me, just go right ahead with Americanism, and if you have to use the military and get a little extra-legal, well they're winking at things in Washington now. (Cheers.) And don't worry about this peace talk, I have it straight from the horse's mouth. We're in the war now. (Absolutely mad cheers.)

"Well, well, it's about time for me to sit down and let the committee chairmen talk. But before I close, we'll have another meeting next week. And my Americanism committee is going to *persuade* and I mean *PERSUADE* this town of Squeedunk that defense isn't something voluntary, it's *compulsory*. (Cheers.) Next week, there'll be 700 in this hall or we'll know the reason why!

"Forward, citizens of Squeedunk, forward for Winston Churchill. Forward for Roosevelt."

And if you think this is funny, dear NEW MASSES readers, you don't know what's happened to the Wall Street suburbs. The above is practically a verbatim report. It may be funny, but it's also sinister. Forward, ourselves, to lick the stuffings out of the Squeedunk "Defense" Plan. Get out and stay out of the war!

On Publishing a Book

Dalton Trumbo's publishers urged him to cut a portion of his new novel. Why he refused. "I shall have remained true to the beliefs I hold important. . . ."

EDITOR'S NOTE: In times approaching war there is always a great deal of talk about making "sacrifices." These sacrifices, as has been shown in the past, and in recent controversies, usually mean lowering wages, lengthening hours, arbitrarily raising prices, and curtailing speech—but not limiting profits. Liberal-minded thinkers and writers find their expression more and more hampered. Japanese rulers have a word for it—"dangerous thought." There is evidence today in America that many authors are being subjected to unofficial censorship, and others, in their fear for loss of livelihood, are censoring themselves. That is why we are pleased to present a recent friendly controversy between Dalton Trumbo and his publishers regarding passages in his new novel. A dignified exchange of opinions here resulted in the author winning inclusion of the passages to which the publishers originally objected.

DEAR DALTON: As to the manuscript itself, we have a few points to make, and I would appreciate it if you would give us an answer on them right away, since the book is being rushed through the manufacturing process. First, all of us who have read it feel very strongly that the conversation between Andrew Long and General Jackson on the subject of American aid to Britain in the present war is a red herring in this story. Don't misunderstand me: we are not raising this point because of personal disagreement with what we take to be your position on the issue itself. Actually you have written the scene very well and in another context it could be most effective. Here, however, it looks like a passage that was inserted as an afterthought. It has nothing to do with the story of corruption in Shale City (except rather remotely). The passage will, in our opinion, stick out at reviewers like a sore thumb and will probably so affect some of them that the book will be reviewed upon this passage alone and not on its merits otherwise. That this will have an adverse effect on the success of the book seems to us unquestionable. Also, inclusion of this passage seems to date the story too specifically. By the time the book comes out, the Lord only knows what further events will have obscured the matter of the transfer of fifty destroyers. Please don't misinterpret the spirit of this suggestion. I know what you are trying to put across. I think it's important and I'll defend to the death your right to say it. I only think that this is the wrong place for it for the reasons I have just given. The book is going through to the printer with this section included, but I hope you will send us a wire authorizing us to take it out in the galley proofs. . . .

Sincerely,

PUBLISHERS.

DEAR——: Now for the two chapters in question: I agree that many critics will attack them, and that such condemnation will adversely affect the sales of the book. I must therefore reconcile my natural desire to sell lots of books with that personal philosophy which impelled me to write this particular kind of a book. I want to explain that philosophy as clearly as I know how, so that you will understand that I am not being arbitrary about the matter.

I know exactly what I am after—the authorship of at least one genuinely fine novel. I know perfectly well that thus far I have not achieved that end. Hence, I must regard everything I have done, including the present job, as ephemeral stuff which will be read twenty years hence only if I ultimately crack through with that one book which may make of me a major writer. Until that book arrives—if it does—I can be pretty sure that the only two people who will read my stuff with interest two decades hence will be my two kids. It is quite possible that they then will say, "The old man wrote bad novels." But I want them, from their twenty-year perspective of 1940, also to be able to say, "But good or bad, he had something to say and he said it; he lined himself on the side of the angels at a time when it was neither profitable nor popular to do so." And furthermore, I don't want them at that time to be preparing themselves for slaughter at the orders of some jingo politician. And the only way for me to work to prevent that is to write, here and now, as furiously as I know how against the things which ultimately may cost them their lives.

I still remember some of the things written preceding our entry into the last war, and I should hate to be one of the men who wrote them—as, indeed, most of those writers now have come to hate themselves. We are living in an age of such hideous compromise that only a few men are going to come out of it with their honor intact. All about me I see men of decency, of great talent and deep sincerity, far better men than I, compromising themselves with the predominant feeling of their time because they are nakedly afraid. I believe they will bitterly regret their stand. I believe many of them have already ruined themselves. And I cannot join them. If I cut these two chapters, I do join them; for I shall have taken the first—which is always the fatal—step toward compromise. In my view of things, the errors of omission are quite as great, and enormously more insidious because easier, than those of commission.

I am inclined to grant—to a degree at least—that these two chapters do not have a great bearing on the personal story of Andrew which I have set myself to tell. A logical

extension of this admission is to say that extraneous material in a novel really constitutes bad art. Mr. MacLeish and a great circle of critics—most of whom will attack Andrew unless they ignore him—have recently subscribed to the view that many good novels of the past decade have had a bad effect upon the public. They have said, in essence, that good art may not necessarily be good for the reader. They have strongly intimated that during the present crisis it might be just as well to forget about good art and concentrate instead upon something which will contribute to the moral strength of America. I have accepted their dicta. If they attack me because I have placed my feelings for America above my feelings for art, they will find themselves in an extremely foolish position. If they attack me because my ideas of moral strength for America differ from their own, they are still on fairly dubious ground, since if the people are to choose for themselves, they must have all sides of a controversy presented to them. In short, I do not doubt that the critics will be effective, and that they will be lined up against me; but my job as a writer is to consider only what I have to say, and not what the critics have to say about me and my work.

But beyond the question of whether or not the inclusion of these two chapters constitutes bad art, is the larger one of realism and honesty. That the war will affect Andrew goes without saying. It may kill him. The war, moreover, has a considerable effect upon his trial in the last part of the book. It seems reasonable to me that its existence be admitted before the climax. For myself, I have been unable in the last year to speak for two hours with any friend without the war entering into the discussion and radically affecting the subject of it. I believe it enters into the thinking of every American. I know it enters into every plan I make for myself and my family. I carry a registration card which restricts my movements. I am a numbered creature of the government. It seems inconceivable to me that Andrew Jackson, coming to earth after almost a century's absence, should fail to discover the great motivating fact of our age. Not to have him encounter the war would be to cheat my reader, to dodge my question, to distort truth. It would, in my view, constitute very bad novel-writing, since I am dealing solely with contemporary happenings. If the critics accuse me of needlessly dragging the war into the book, I in my own turn shall accuse them of the very head-in-the-sand isolationism, the same evasion of realistic facts, which they decry so powerfully in their current writings.

As to the timeliness of these chapters, we are dealing exclusively with the present in

the story and are publishing as soon after completion as humanly possible. I am inclined to think that the destroyer deal—good or bad—was an historic step which will never cease to be timely. Historic acts are essentially timeless. The landing of 10,000,000 men upon the continent of Europe, should it happen, would never be as important as the destroyer deal which established the great precedent for such landing. We'll be reading about it fifty years from now—to our sorrow, I believe.

Of one thing I am certain: there are plenty of able, talented men writing for the opposite view. They are grinding out books, articles, essays, and columns with as happy a disregard for art and as great an interest in direct effect as I may stand accused of. But there are only a few writing for my side. I believe that the natural balance of a democracy requires a literary as well as a political opposition. And I believe further that such requirement will also produce a market for that literary opposition.

I talk to a great many people in many kinds of work, and I find them solidly against war. Someone must write for them. That

their opposition to war was reflected in the election, I could not hope, for the opposing candidates did not offer to the people a clear issue upon which the electorate could express its opinions for or against war. But I think it safe to say that all of western America is isolationist in sentiment. It doesn't want war. Visitors from the East tell me chilling stories of how different things are along the Atlantic coast. It is unfortunate for me that the East has a practical monopoly upon the critics and the book-buying public. But I am a western man and I presume that I necessarily take on the coloration of the West in my work.

I actually relish the prospect of reading those critics who praised *Johnny Got His Gun* for its anti-war content, now reversing themselves when they read *Andrew*. For it is they, not I, who will have changed. And I believe that, despite them, I shall find readers. There are still many people holding out against war in Congress, in churches, in universities, in labor unions. Their integrity is quite as incontestable as the integrity of the William Allen White committee. Out of this minority I hope we shall be able to find

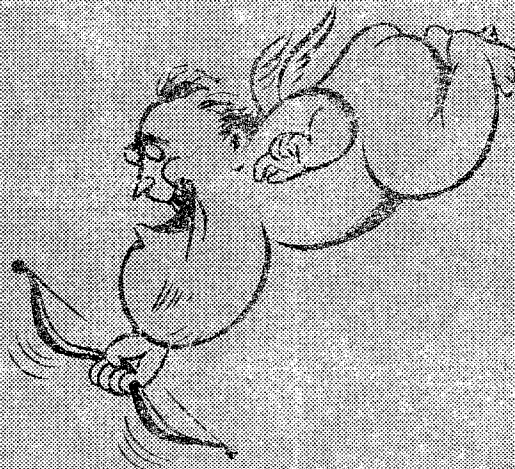
enough buyers to make Andrew a mildly successful venture. And even if we do not, I shall have remained true to the beliefs I hold important, and hence a better novelist for your future list.

Looking back over what I have written to you, the amusing possibility occurs to me that I am probably being very pompous about the whole matter, in that such a long discussion of Andrew implies a much finer job than the book really is. It may be a downright bad job. God knows it was done hastily enough to be. If this is the judgment of the critics, I propose to accept it and keep my mouth shut. Because in my heart I don't hold with the idea that a bad book should be praised because it says good things, or vice versa. So, you see, I'm perfectly prepared to believe that I've come a cropper in Andrew. In which event, I shall be properly penitent, and shall endeavor to do better next time.

DALTON TRUMBO.

The exchange of letters, including the editor's note, is reprinted from the January 1941 issue of "The Clipper," published under the auspices of the Hollywood Chapter, League of American Writers. Mr. Trumbo's book is reviewed on page 22.

Valentine Greetings



ON NEW MASSES' THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY



D. N. Pritt

I send to NEW MASSES my very warmest anniversary greetings. Thirty years is a long time, measured in terms of work and effort; but it is a short time in history. (It is not even very long in a man's life; when I was last in New York City, NEW MASSES was not three years old!)

Much progress toward the dawn can be recorded during the thirty years, and NEW MASSES has taken its share in that progress. And now things are on the move. Everywhere men and women are saying to governments: "Do you claim that under your system the masses can achieve and enjoy the prosperity that technical progress has made possible? If so, why don't they? And do you claim that under your system we can keep peace? If so, why haven't we kept it? And if you don't make these claims, why don't you close the door quietly as you go out?"

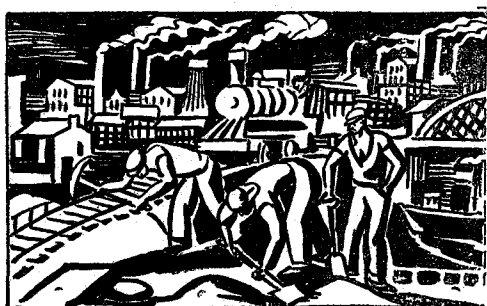
Leo Gallagher

Congratulations to NEW MASSES on its thirtieth anniversary. NEW MASSES is a voice in the wilderness, exposing the hypocrisies of the warmongers. NEW MASSES is a lighthouse to guide our steps in an almost total blackout of truth. All progressives are deeply grateful to you for the invaluable work which you are doing. May your beneficent influence reach ever new thousands.

Anna Rochester

Greetings to you as one of the oldest papers in the United States with an honorable record in the movement for socialism. You are maintaining the high standard of proletarian loyalty, plus brains, which made the old *Masses* troublesome to the powers that be. Keep it up! You are needed now more than ever before.

But do you remember what the *Masses* wrote in 1913 when John Reed was helping the Paterson strikers?



Matulka '27

"You don't believe in the Class Struggle? Just go out to Paterson and make a noise like a free citizen. See what happens to you. That's all John Reed did, and he got twenty days in jail. It's getting so you can't even collect your thoughts without being arrested for Unlawful Assemblage."

Allen Hutt

When I heard about NEW MASSES' birthday I thought of the old Cockney phrase "the first thirty years are the hardest." Yours have certainly been hard enough; but weren't they worth it? I think the best birthday greeting I can send you is to say the arrival of NEW MASSES in London—and it isn't every week now—brings new encouragement and snap to those of us who are fighting in somewhat more trying conditions even than you. I write the last sentence with feeling, for the simple reason that I am writing it at night; our fantastically abnormal "normal" London night, with the bombers droning overhead, the house shivering with the crash and bump of the anti-aircraft barrage, and the family keeping their ears cocked for the blood-curdling scream of the "near-miss" bomb. City nights here, with the shelter shortcomings of which you will have heard, are no joke.

Anita Whitney

Can it be possible that the *Masses* is having its thirtieth anniversary? Is it so long ago that we read the first copies and laughed at its pungent wit and biting satire?

It did valiant service in those days before the World War when it wakened—not the workers—but the indifferent middle class making them feel uncomfortable and trying to tell them why.

Since then the *Masses* has matured and grown older in spite of its changed name, the NEW MASSES. Its message is more meaty, more powerful, it speaks to broader masses than in those early days. It has not only an awakening message for all of us but provides us with a keen analysis of what is going on in the wide world, and arms us with an arsenal of facts with which to confound our tory and reactionary neighbors.

Dear NEW MASSES we cannot get on without you! All hail on your thirtieth birthday and may you have more and many more of them. May you long continue to gladden us by your weekly presence and to enrich our minds and feed our souls.

Millen Brand

NEW MASSES has been for years a supporter of labor and the progressive cause, has published stories and poems that could have been published in few other places because of their outspokenness and integrity—I gladly salute it on its thirtieth anniversary.

Marc Blitzstein

On the thirtieth anniversary of NEW MASSES I am proud to pay my tribute to the one American journal of our time which has maintained its integrity, literacy, and social usefulness against a tide of bungling and outright treason.

Will Geer

These are the days wherein certain intellectuals and liberals pile onto the war machine. They want to hang Hitler to the same old sour apple tree that the kaiser was to dangle from. They have forgotten all about the slaughter that leads to those foreign markets—or have they?

Never in the history of the old or new *Masses* has it been so imperative for it to reach all those that turn in horror from the war machine.

A little Lenin is a dangerous thing. Nowadays we need all of it—kept up to date—to keep with the minutes of history. Greetings.

Harvey O'Connor

In their first thirty years, the *Masses* and NEW MASSES have put up a grand fight for government of the people, by the people, for the people. I am confident that in 1971 NEW MASSES or its successor will be celebrating the realization of that great ideal.



Matulka '27

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors

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*

What Next in China?

THE crisis in China is coming to a head. After last week's report of the massacre of the New Fourth Army leadership on the south bank of the Yangtze river comes a confirmation and "justification" of this action from Chiang Kai-shek himself. And another indication of how serious things must be is Madame Sun Yat-sen's appeal that China remain united, else Japan wins the war. This remarkable woman, widow of the Kuomintang founder, broke sharply with her brother-in-law, Chiang Kai-shek, during the latter's anti-Communist crusades in the late twenties and early thirties. Her reappearance in Chungking last summer was generally taken to mean that the internal situation in China had improved. Her appeal from Hongkong must mean that things are critical. And then there was the statement from *Tass*, the official Soviet news agency, noting the attack on the New Fourth Army. It indicates that Chiang stands at the parting of the ways. To continue the war of national liberation requires unity within the country; every competent observer has stressed that fact. And unity requires a sharp offensive against speculation and hoarding, an end to food shortages, a stiff stand against the secret and open pro-Japanese. We have been pointing out in editorials since the currency loan to China that *Washington has had the decisive hand in the current crisis*. Bolstered by Roosevelt's support, which was given with the proviso of an anti-Communist campaign, the central government has placed China's destiny in the balance. This is one of the most criminal developments since Munich, for the entire future of democracy for the colonial peoples in Asia is bound up with China's struggle.

War in the Far East?

NOT unconnected with the crisis in China, and equally serious, is the extension of Japanese penetration in Indo-China. For some weeks, the Siamese government has been carrying on a border quarrel along the Mekong river in western Indo-China, part of a dispute that goes back to the days when imperialist France first conquered Cochin China. But as everyone knows, the Siamese rulers are no more than puppets of Japan; and in the present state of affairs in Europe, Vichy is obviously unable to settle matters with its own forces. Japanese admirals stepped in to mediate the quarrel, and as a result they

have gotten, or are about to get, control of Indo-China's rice crop, air bases, and most important of all, the use of the important naval bases at Camranh and Saigon. All this has a greater strategic significance than meets the eye: complete control of Indo-China would cut the British Malay colony off in the rear. And Singapore lies at the tip end of the Malay Peninsula. For some years the Japanese have projected a canal across the Isthmus of Kra, which lies at the border of Siam and the Malay Peninsula. Should they consolidate their gains, they will thus open a passage to the Indian Ocean and outflank Singapore.

All of this is preliminary to a Japanese advance further south when the war opens out in Europe in the spring. From the discussions in the Japanese Diet it is perfectly obvious that the Japanese admirals and generals are pursuing a wily and waiting course toward the Netherlands Indies. At least, they are achieving a real bargaining position for a bloodless conquest of the rubber and oil to the south. Thus the three-year appeasement of Japan is bringing ripe fruit. The Roosevelt policy of financing Japan's conquest of China is leading precisely to the same situation which confronted the people of France and Britain after Munich: *a real possibility exists that criminal vanity and the pursuit of a narrow class interest by the administration will land us in two wars at the same time*, wars in which the strategic position of the United States will be worse than ever, wars whose character will be just as imperialist in the Pacific as in Europe. Never before was it so urgent that the entire course of American policy be re-directed in the Far East toward full cooperation with the USSR on the basis of a united China. To save peace, a month's delay may be too much.

Crisis in Chile

WHEN the war broke, Chile was governed by the only remaining People's Front in the world. It had come to power in October 1938, backed by an alliance of the Radical, the Socialist, and the Communist Parties, supported by the Chilean Trade Union Confederation. In the summer of '39, it weathered a reactionary uprising. But in the last year, the People's Front has suffered attacks from within, reflecting the pressure of the landed oligarchy from without. Various chieftains of the Socialists and Radicals have tried to form a coalition which would displace the People's Front. As in France, their program has been "anti-Communism." Local CP

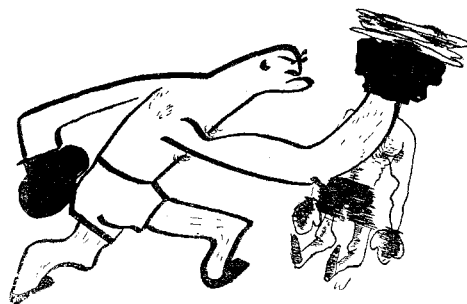
leaders, such as Pacheco Perez, mayor of Santiago, were removed from office; in the fall, the right-wing controlled House passed a bill to outlaw the Communist Party, which was seconded by the Senate two weeks ago. President Aguirre Cerda now has the bill on his desk. Last week, the Socialist leadership succumbed to the logic of its policies and established a "left alliance" with the Radicals and opposition parties, which means that the People's Front has been destroyed from above.

The decisive responsibility for this development rests with American imperialism, the State Department in particular. Sumner Welles has been playing both ends against the middle as usual. A month ago, an American army bomber brought one Carlos Davila back to Chile, ostensibly because his ailing wife needed the rare Chilean climate. Davila is a tool of the Guggenheim copper interests, a much hated figure in Chile, and his return from exile spoke volumes for what his American masters wished him to do. Simultaneously, the Chilean Socialist leader and delegate to the Havana Conference, Oscar Schnake, returned home after a prolonged stay in this country during which he became very chummy with the Roosevelts, week-ended in Hyde Park and all that. He made a sharp attack on the Chilean Communists, insisted that Chile must get behind the "hemisphere defense" program. It was clear that the loan which accompanied Schnake from Washington had several unwritten terms: as in the case of the recent loan to Chiang Kai-shek, Washington demanded a break-up of the People's Front.

But the issue is not settled, although all the vultures of Chilean life are waiting in Argentina and elsewhere for their return to power. In March, elections will take place for twenty of the forty-five senators and the entire 146 seats in the House. In the past year, the People's Front has won all the by-elections; it stands an excellent chance of making this election campaign the occasion for a reconstitution of the People's Front from below. But the question is: will the reactionaries wait until March? or will they, if defeated at the polls, try to emulate Francisco Franco?

Eight Years

HITLER's speech, commemorating his seizure of power eight years ago, was a condensation of the carefully selected half truths which form the basis of all fascist propaganda. It was full of the usual ingredients of Nazi demagoguery: the moral and material collapse of the German nation after the last war was contrasted with the foresight and character of its leadership in this war; the aggressions of German imperialism in the last seven years were justified, as always, in the light of Britain's worldwide control of territory and trade. Hitler boasted of his hold over central Europe; he reaffirmed his ties with Mussolini and defied the British to make progress in the Balkans. There were no references to German relations with the USSR, but his speech took note of developments in



Clinton

American foreign policy, assuring the lease-lenders that his submarines would sink their supplies to Britain. Hitler's tone was contemptuous, but at the same time calculated to terrify his opponents. And while there was only a faint echo of last year's appeals for a truce, he did invite "the peoples who today stand in enmity" to imitate Germany's persecution of the Jews.

This is the most recent of several Hitler speeches in which he is breaking the news to the German people that they face a long drawn out war. The language was self confident, but the effort was obviously to assure and reassure the people of Germany that this is the year which will bring a decision in the war. Just what these eight years of fascism have meant for the German people is made clear in G. S. Jackson's important analysis of German economy on page 3.

Outlook in Europe

WHEN the whole picture is seen in perspective, it is obvious that Germany faces all kinds of obstacles in Europe. Britain's position may be untenable, but Germany has a long way to go. In Rumania, the dictator Antonescu is reorganizing his regime after the civil war with the Iron Guard. The details of that war are coming out—a horrible story of pogroms and murder in which several thousand people lost their lives. Despite the consolidation of Nazi control, Rumania will hardly be a reliable base for a new order in Europe. New disorder is more probable. . . . There was little new in the Balkans, except for the death of its Greek dictator Metaxas (see page 12). But Colonel Donovan, the emissary of the Navy Department, showed up in half a dozen capitals "investigating" the British position in the Near East. Donovan's reports will obviously form the basis of Washington's decision as to just what the British can be expected to do in the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean this spring. . . . The military front in Albania looks like a stalemate, but in eastern Libya, the British are continuing their offensive and last week were approaching the important base of Benghazi. . . . The big head-
line of the week is the report that Herr Hitler obviously lies.

The Nazis are bringing intense pressure on their "collaborators" in Vichy. They are after the complete coordination of French naval bases and colonial troops which Germany's anticipated campaign in the spring. Vichy has held back in the hope of getting better terms; British and American diplomats, such as Admiral Leahy, have been working hard to assure Marshal Petain that he is betting on the wrong horse. The Nazis are playing their puppets in Paris against their puppets in Vichy, in a situation that is coming to a showdown very soon.

The expectation of spring dominates the whole scene in Europe. When all the diplomatic jockeying has run its course the big question remains: do the Nazis have the strength to break clear of the continent? Do they have what it takes to crack the British Isles or the Suez Canal?

Soviet Trade

NOW that Lord Holyfox, the British ambassador, has made his courtesy calls in Washington, during which he did a bit of lobbying for the lease-lend bill, it is becoming clearer that he intends to interfere with Soviet-American trade. The British are still hankering after the days when their control of the seas enabled them to say which nations could or could not trade. They have been filling Harry Hopkins' ear with stories that Soviet purchases in this country are being transhipped to Germany, or, as another version has it, that the USSR shipments to Germany are being replaced with goods from the United States. The British not only refuse to recognize Soviet neutrality but they are trying—in the guise of long range economic collaboration with the United States—to shape the character of American trade in their own interests.

We don't know what the USSR does with the goods it buys, but we see no reason to assume that it isn't using those goods for itself. In fact, we are informed that it is cheaper for the USSR to buy petroleum over here for its Far Eastern maritime provinces than to ship the stuff from Baku. Last week, *PM's* Washington correspondent added a word to the discussion. He compared the purchases of oil by the USSR in this country with the purchase of the same goods from '37 to '39, and found little change. As for cotton, the USSR is buying as much today as it used to buy in the early thirties, long before the pact. The value of machine tools ordered from January 1940 to November 1940 was \$20,000,000; in the three previous years it ranged from \$14,000,000 to \$40,000,000. And never forget that half these tools have been held up by licensing orders. Analyzing copper purchases, the *PM* correspondent comes to the interesting conclusion that the USSR has been buying copper over here to the exact amounts of its pre-war purchases from British exporters—a trade which the British themselves now refuse to continue!

An Ambassador's Diary

PUBLICATION by *Liberty* magazine of the late William E. Dodd's private diary of his five-year ambassadorship in Germany reveals many more things of public interest than the fact that "Senator X" was heard talking like a Nazi appeaser in 1935. Only three installments of the diary have appeared at this writing and we shall have to wait for those portions dealing with the period after April 1935. The sections of the diary which have already appeared offer first-hand evidence on the following significant points:

1. Sir Eric Phipps, then British ambassador in Berlin, "pretended to be surprised" when Dodd informed him, on Oct. 19, 1934, of reports that the great British armaments concern, Vickers-Armstrong, had negotiated a large cash sale to the Nazis. Later Dodd confirmed his own suspicion that the British Embassy staff had known of the sale all along. The American ambassador also noted

large sales to the Nazis by United States concerns, such as Pratt & Whitney.

2. American big businessmen, like W. H. Hassen of Standard Oil, were as enthusiastic as their German counterparts about Hitlerism. Winthrop Aldrich of the Chase National Bank and Henry Mann of National City had a talk with Hitler and felt "they could work with him." Ivy Lee, pet publicity man of American big business, was invited to dinner at von Ribbentrop's, along with the American ambassador, to facilitate his propaganda work for the Nazi government. Dodd reported to Washington the dealings of William Randolph Hearst with both Hitler and Mussolini.

3. Great Britain was aiding not only the Nazis but Japan. Dodd heard rumors from Washington that the British were planning a large loan to Nippon, and the Dutch minister in Berlin complained to him of England's "underhand support" of Japan against China.

4. Wealthy German Jews, such as Baron Eberhard von Oppenheim, were able to buy an "Aryan" standing from the Nazi Party.

5. Dodd's report of his conversation with Roosevelt, when the latter appointed him ambassador, leaves a definite impression that the President was less concerned over Nazi persecution of Jews than its repercussions in this country, which made trade and financial dealing with Germany more difficult. FDR advised his new ambassador to talk with Colonel House before sailing; House deplored the Hitler pogroms but repeated Hitler's propaganda that "the Jews should not be allowed to dominate economic or intellectual life in Berlin as they have done for a long time."

The diary is already being used by Roosevelt supporters to make a case for our entering the war against Germany. To be sure, Dodd indicts the Nazis, and quite rightly. But he presents revealing, damning evidence as well against the Nazi-builders in America, Britain, and France who represented a class which did not discover the "fascist menace" until September 1939. Such evidence, it seems to us, constitutes the most significant portions of Dodd's frank and informal account.

In the Name of "Defense"

LABOR's foes in the War and Navy Departments are fast friends of two very important congressmen: Chairman Vinson of the House Naval Committee and Representative May, who heads the Committee on Military Affairs. So it isn't startling that Mr. Vinson should introduce a bill to bar the closed shop and prevent strikes in plants working on naval contracts; or that Mr. May should offer to sponsor a similar bill covering plants that have War Department orders. It is, however, inestimably dangerous to organized labor. Mr. Vinson's bill defines "naval defense contractor" so that it could be applied to all contractors working on war orders—which means, of course, the largest and most powerful segments of American monopoly. By setting up a Naval Defense Board, similar to the Railway Mediation Board, the proposed law would postpone strikes indefinitely by talking labor grievances to death. It flatly bans the closed shop. The Wagner act would be destroyed insofar as it applies to "defense" plants. And not only "defense" plants. The en-

couragement and example of such a law to employers whom it does not actually cover may easily be imagined.

For a long time the Navy Department has fought the Walsh-Healey act, requiring firms that receive government contracts to adhere to fair labor standards. Recently the War Department joined the fight. It requested that the fruit and vegetable canning industry, which sells to the army, be exempted from the Walsh-Healey provision stipulating time-and-a-half wages for overtime work. The canners, who have already won substantial exemptions from the Wage-Hour Act, discreetly stayed out of the resultant hearings, permitting the army officials to front for them. However, spokesmen of CIO and AFL cannery unions appeared and successfully held out against the brass hats: the War Department withdrew its request.

What organized labor did in that instance it can do to the Vinson and May proposals, to the Smith bill for imprisoning munitions strikers for life, to Representative Sumners' plans for a smear investigation of any strikes in arms plants. But labor will have to move swiftly; its enemies are marching doubletime.

Memo to Harold Laski

THOMAS LAMONT, of J. P. Morgan and Co., speaking to the New York Merchants Association last week: "And now a word on all this talk that England after the war will be completely socialistic. People were saying the same thing when I was there in 1917. . . . No, we need have no fear that England will infect us with totalitarianism in any form. When British Labor leaders take charge and have the responsibility of government, they become the most real of the realists. This they have already proved."

The Rich Get Richer

WAR under capitalism is the great breeder of monopoly. That is why all talk about a new order emerging out of this war—whether the talk comes from Hitler or Harold Laski—is a fraud. In Germany, Italy, Japan, Britain, and the United States the war is strengthening the economic and political domination of the most ruthless forces of the old order.

A number of developments in our own country during the past week document this truism.

1. The United States Steel Corp., largest manufacturing company in America, reported a 1940 net profit after the deduction of taxes and other charges of \$102,181,321. This compares with a profit of \$41,119,934 in 1939—an increase of about 150 percent. The 1940 profit would have been even larger had the company not put \$64,600,000 into new equipment, an expenditure that will be more than repaid by the profits of the future. The company now has a capacity of 30,000,000 tons a year, about twice that of its nearest rival, Bethlehem Steel (which, incidentally, an-

(Continued on page 20)

Loaded Dice

THE hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the administration's lease-lend bill are following the pattern of the House hearings. The propaganda of panic and fear is being used to black-jack opposition; representatives of the people are by agreement of both Republican and Democratic committee members barred from giving testimony; and the hearings are being conducted on the false premise that aid to British imperialism means defense of the American people—a premise fully accepted by the Republican "loyal opposition." Perhaps the only new feature was the attempt of Lord Halifax, in violation of all diplomatic usage, to influence the course of the legislation by holding ostentatious conferences with the chairmen of the Senate and House committees.

The Republican Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, easily walked off with the laurels of demagoguery. Hitler himself might well envy this bold dumping of a mare's-nest of ghostly rumors and bloodcurdling fantasies into the lap of one of the most important committees of Congress. It seems that "from reliable sources inside Germany" information had come to the Navy Department that the Nazis were desperately seeking a new type of plane for an invasion of England within sixty or ninety days. This invasion, Knox feared, would be preceded by the use of poison gas. To make these vague forebodings sound more convincing, the New York Times correspondent conveniently discovered anonymous government technicians "who have heard reports that the plane has been found and is in production," and that it would be capable of operating at 40,000 feet, beyond the range of the English Spitfires and Hurricanes.

Having heard from someone who heard from someone else who had it on good authority from a usually reliable source of rumors, Knox presents all this as fact. Of course, it is not news that both belligerent groups are constantly seeking to develop new and superior planes and armaments of all types. But by giving the impression that only Germany is engaged in this activity and that something sinister and all-powerful is being prepared by one side only, the administration is whipping up synthetic hysteria in order to shatter resistance to the program of naked imperialism, war, and fascism embodied in HR 1776.

Knox flatly refused to pledge that no American soldiers would be sent to fight in Europe, though both Roosevelt and Willkie had given this pledge before the election. And unwittingly he revealed the true aims of this war and of the government's foreign policy when he said: "The question to decide is: would we rather see Europe dominated by a democratic system or would we rather see Europe dominated by a Hitler system?" Domination of Europe—this is the real objective of the imperialists of Wall Street, Downing Street, Berlin, and Rome. One side calls it "democracy," the other "anti-capitalism," but

whichever wins, it is the imperialist system under fascist controls that will dominate Europe west of the Soviet border, that will dominate America if the people tolerate this conspiracy against their whole future.

The appeal of Thomas W. Lamont, chief of staff of the House of Morgan, for support of HR 1776 in the name of "a free world" offers further circumstantial evidence of the kind of world contemplated in the Roosevelt-Willkie foreign policy. And in the midst of the Senate hearings the grim visage of that world came into view with the announcement that the War Department has ordered 4,500,000 tags to identify dead and wounded American soldiers.

The Senate committee, like its counterpart in the House, has refused to hear representatives from such progressive organizations as the American Peace Mobilization, the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, the Communist Party, the American Youth Congress, and the National Negro Congress. At the same time it is giving a second hearing to most of those who testified before the House body, including the appeasers' favorite "Socialist," Norman Thomas. The kind of opposition offered by most of the Republicans in Congress can be judged from the minority report of the House committee which begins: "We are for all aid to Britain," and proposes a \$2,000,000,000 credit. Only Phil La Follette, in his testimony before the Senate committee, approximated a position in the people's interest, condemning both sides in the war and pointing out that the Labor members of the Tory cabinet were "mere window-dressing like the presence of Sidney Hillman on our Defense Commission."

The real America needs to speak up, as the real Britain is speaking up in the movement launched by the recent people's convention in London. In a Washington dispatch to the *Daily Worker*, Adam Lapin reports that a survey of the mail of leading members of both houses of Congress, including a number of administration stalwarts, shows that it is two to one against the lease-lend bill. But he also notes that this mail is smaller in quantity than on the conscription bill and labor and progressive organizations are only meagerly represented. This situation must be changed. Kathryn Lewis, chairman of the National Coordinating Committee for Women's Auxiliaries of the CIO, and six other officers have sent a letter to the CIO auxiliaries throughout the country appealing for a determined fight on HR 1776. The APM is organizing a petition campaign and preparing for a great people's lobby in Washington March 1. The American Youth Congress will rally the young people at its Town Meeting of Youth in the capital this week-end. It is time for the men and women of America to stand up and be counted—for a people's peace, for democracy. Four and a half million tags will do the counting if we fail.

nounced a 100 percent increase in profits for the year), and a little more than one-third the total capacity of the industry. It is significant that while the number of jobs at US Steel increased only 14 percent, output rose 30 percent, and profits 150 percent.

Consumers' goods industries are enjoying no such bonanza. The February 3 issue of the *New Republic*, which has been supporting the monopolists' war, publishes figures showing that while ten leading companies engaged in war production doubled total profits for the first nine months of 1940, ten leading consumer goods companies showed a slight aggregate loss.

2. Four of the largest banks in the country have set up what is described as "a co-operative plan for speeding up the financing of defense contracts." It looks innocent, but isn't. These banks, all located in New York, are the Chase National, largest in the country, controlled by the Rockefeller interests; the National City Bank, second largest, within the Morgan sphere of influence; the Guaranty Trust, third largest, controlled by Morgan; the Bankers Trust, fifth largest, controlled by Morgan. These banks have aggregate assets of \$11,000,000,000. What they have done is create a banking cartel linking the world's two most powerful finance-capitalist groups, Morgan and Rockefeller. This cartel, which is to work closely with the Defense Commission, will use the lever of credit to control the activities of smaller banks and of the war industries.

3. Collusion in price-bidding on government contracts, banned under the anti-trust laws, is now to be officially sanctioned, according to government officials. At the request of the Defense Commission, companies will be able to reach an agreement on prices without becoming subject to prosecution. This new sheds light on the real policy of the government with regard to monopoly. The Justice Department's prosecution of certain firms, including the Aluminum Co. of America, on the ground that their patent arrangements with German companies violate the anti-trust laws, is not at all intended to curb monopoly. These prosecutions express the conflicts within the capitalist class, the effort of the dominant business groups to prevent all rival trusts from pursuing practices which interfere with the war needs of Anglo-American imperialism.

These developments add new data to the brilliant analysis of imperialism made by Lenin twenty-five years ago. They confirm the reactionary, the imperialist character of the present war.

Gunning for Civil Service

DORIS STAHL of New York City claims that "Reds" forced her out of her job in the Welfare Department. Miss Stahl was dismissed for incompetence by a committee of three which included a leader of the Ozanam Guild, a Catholic group which actively opposes Communism. But these days it requires just one whimper about a "Red plot" to start officials, legislative committees, and

even courts on a hunting expedition. Commissioner of Welfare Hodson immediately asked for an investigation, and Commissioner of Investigation Herlands got busy. The Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram* urges them to investigate "costs" in the Welfare Department at the same time. After all, Governor Lehman is asking the legislature to cut relief funds by \$7,000,000—won't it be easier to do this if the relief set is discredited as a Communist "transmission belt"? And Miss Stahl's case also provides an opportunity to attack the Civil Service; her attorney, Leopold Rossi, is an officer of the Civil Service Forum which opposes the merit system.

With such purging enterprises under way, it is particularly heartening to note positive developments in the trade union struggle against raids by "investigating" committees. Five days after the New York Court of Appeals forced the Teachers Union to yield its membership lists to the Rapp-Coudert committee, Assemblyman Zimmer of Troy, N. Y., introduced a bill to prohibit any legislative groups from seizing union rolls. Mr. Zimmer, a progressive American Laborite, referred to the Court of Appeals decision and pointed out that "Membership rolls in the hands of employers and legislative committees form the basis for a blacklist of unionized employees." More than 100 unions protested the Rapp-Coudert seizure; they are the backbone of a progressive support for the Zimmer bill which can ensure its passage.

Flank Attacks on Labor

THE indignant protests of labor some weeks ago at the award of \$122,000,000 in "defense" contracts to Henry Ford has produced results. The first American to receive a medal from Adolph Hitler was refused a \$10,000,000 contract by the War Department because he would not agree to certain labor standards. Under-secretary of War Robert P. Patterson hesitantly told the House Military Affairs Committee that his department was "considering" withholding contracts from companies which would not meet legal provisions dealing with labor's rights. He said carefully, as though he were well-coached, that the suggestion came from Sidney Hillman, of the Office of Production Management.

We doubt very much that Mr. Hillman's concern for labor had much to do with it. His silence at the previous and much greater award to Ford (which, incidentally, stands,) had shown his mettle to thousands of trade unionists. It was, rather, the storm of labor protests all over the land that accomplished it. Had labor remained quiescent, the procedure adopted in the prior Ford contract would have obtained.

Another victory labor won this past week was the Supreme Court ruling upholding the constitutionality of the wage-hour law. The Court, at the same time, ruled that unions could not be prosecuted under the Sherman anti-trust act for picketing and boycotting activities that resulted from a jurisdictional

dispute between two AFL unions in St. Louis. This ruling, again, was important for it reflected the widespread opposition to the attempts of Thurman Arnold to smash unions by transforming an anti-trust law into its opposite, an anti-labor weapon.

These gains were important, true. But American labor has a tricky enemy before him. The pro-war administration is fighting a treacherous rear-guard action against anti-war labor. It deploys its forces, makes flank attacks, retreats where labor is strongest, attacks when its opponent is off-guard. The administration may pay lip-service to all the laws on the books, yet negate those laws in actual practice. It figures there are more ways than one to skin the cat. As an example, take the NLRB. The decision may be to observe the Wagner act and to bow to the rulings of the NLRB, but that body itself has been qualitatively changed since Dr. Harry A. Millis was named chairman to succeed J. Warren Madden. Furthermore, the government continues to apply terrific pressure, covert as well as open, upon labor to abandon the right to strike on "defense" contracts. The contemptible Sidney Hillman is working this side of the road; he is aided by such weak sisters as Bill Green, Matthew Woll, and others. Furthermore, the House Judiciary Committee, headed by Chairman Sumners (who throttled the anti-poll tax bill) is planning an "investigation" of the labor situation in "defense" industries with obvious intent of outlawing strikes.

Labor must be on guard. The workingman dare not surrender one iota of his rights, and of them all, the right to strike is most fundamental, most vital to his welfare.

The Spell Acquittal

A CONNECTICUT jury's acquittal of Joseph Spell is a triumph of justice and democratic rights. For two weeks Spell, Negro chauffeur, stood trial on charges of raping his wealthy mistress, Mrs. John K. Strubing, Jr. The evidence of his innocence was so overwhelming that the jury could not, in elementary fairness, have rendered a different verdict. It is almost unprecedented, however, for a white jury to acquit a Negro who has been framed by a white man or woman, no matter how brazen the frameup. In the North as well as the deep South "white supremacy" traditions decree that the black man is always guilty. Yet in the Spell case the jury refused to be swayed by the lynch vocabulary of a prosecuting attorney, the biased behavior of the judge, or considerations of Mrs. Strubing's "shame" should the verdict go against her. Their decision was based on testimony that admitted of only one interpretation, and Prosecutor Willis, after insisting that Spell be held in jail for two days following the acquittal, was forced to concede that he had no basis for an appeal. The acclaim given the acquittal not only by Negroes but democratic-minded people everywhere is more impressive than the shrill protests of Mrs. Strubing's socialite friends.

Readers' Forum

The People Lobby

TO NEW MASSES: Your readers will be interested in knowing what happened in Washington on the Monday following the weekend conference of the American Peace Mobilization. (January 25-26.) In your last issue Joseph North wrote about the conference itself and I should like to follow up with what several delegates did in the way of lobbying congressmen.

At nine o'clock that Monday groups gathered in APM Headquarters and then taxied to the Capitol. Appointments had been made with a number of congressmen and the groups saw these people, and also a number of men from their home states without appointment. This was the best that could be done at the time to make the voice of the people heard against war.

As the taxi went up Pennsylvania Avenue, I couldn't help remembering that the last time I had been in Washington, it had been to lobby for lifting the arms embargo on republican Spain. At that time the whole stall had been that "it was dangerous" to be unneutral and "you couldn't go against the administration." Bob La Follette thought it would be worse to bring the issue of lifting the embargo out on the floor and have it lost than not to try it at all. Borah was more outspoken and said it would cost him his political life. Everybody said the administration would decide.

And that's what they said now. One congressman explained it to us. "You've got to understand that things here are run by the majority party. What the President wants, he'll get. That goes for the amendments" (to the lend-lease bill).

I remember Borah saying that as far as personal convictions went, there weren't six senators who didn't believe the embargo on Spain should be lifted. And I remember wondering seriously at the time who was the government of the United States.

There is outspoken congressional opposition now to the lend-lease bill, but there doesn't appear anywhere a willingness to take the issue to the people. The first person we saw was Rep. Earl C. Michener of Michigan. He said, "I'm sure there are some fine people in your organization, but I'm completely against your coming here. You don't do any good, not a bit of good. You come—you and the hunger marchers and these women in black veils—you come and then you just go away." The women he was referring to were the mothers of the World War dead who sat recently in the galleries of Congress.

Michener was against the bill, but it was quite evident that he would just register his opposition as a matter of routine.

The group I was with had several Wisconsin members so we saw Lewis D. Thill, one of the representatives from Wisconsin. He was against the bill in any form, but suggested we might find a different reception from Thaddeus Wieliewski, also representative from Wisconsin and just appointed to the Foreign Relations Committee. It was important to see Wieliewski and we got an appointment with him.

He was presented with petitions signed by 400 of his constituents, many of them Polish. We immediately began to discuss the bill and he evasively spoke of amendments and "aid to China"—he ap-

parently had this line worked out and ready for us—and finally said, "The purpose of the bill is defense, not all-out aid to Great Britain. We find ourselves badly in want of ability to defend ourselves." (I quote this verbatim.) He added, "This is not a war for democracy, but a war for defense." It was clear that he was definitely for the bill. "If England should fall in the spring, we would be in a very tight fix. I've been giving this matter a lot of consideration. In a crisis the only way you can carry out this work is by a central authority. The President is the head of the army and navy and he has to act."

He ended by saying, "I hope the day will never come when you can't express your opinions." John Teeling, state secretary of the Wisconsin APM, said to him, "The day has come now. Your committee won't hear a representative of the people." Teeling spoke with heat and Wieliewski didn't like the way his statement was turned against him.

These three men we had seen, I believe, represent fairly the two sides of the picture in Congress. Other groups saw other representatives and senators, including Senators Wheeler and Capper. Wheeler was outspoken and said the bill would mean war and fascism. He said the fighting now was not for and against the bill, but "fighting about two forms of capitulation." He said, "The people have not been heard." At the end of this day of quiet but determined lobbying, knowing the plans and the fighting purpose of the APM, I felt that the people would still make themselves heard.

Barto, Pa.

MILLEN BRAND.

For . . .

TO NEW MASSES: Anyone who owns a radio is indebted to you for the excellent story you published on frequency modulation. It's a fine example of scientific clarity as well as social interpretation. Why don't you publish more such material, particularly of consumer interest? I'm sure your readers will appreciate analyses of technological advances and what they mean in terms of the home and the poor man's pocketbook.

Philadelphia, Pa.

IRA G. BLOOM.

And Against

TO NEW MASSES: How in the name of science, literacy, and Steinmetz could you have published that baffling article on amplitude and frequency modulation? I have taken graduate course in physics, astronomy, and non-Euclidian geometry but in all my wanderings through impossible textbooks I have never run into anything as difficult to understand as Mark B. Clark's piece. Have mercy on poor souls like myself and please reject anything which requires a dictionary and a radio expert to clarify. The idea, however, of printing science articles is a first rate one and fills what I have always felt to be a gap in an otherwise intelligent publication.

New York City.

H. P. BRENN.

Unemployable?

TO NEW MASSES: The annual Report of the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to the Members of the Corporation arrived about two weeks ago. I have just found time to read it. On page 21, the work of the Placement Bureau is described as follows:

"The records show that the Class of 1940 is more than 90 percent placed, as of September 1. . . . The unplaced residue of the class includes some who

are seeking to establish private consulting or architectural practices and also includes those who, *because of their views and activities in communistic or other radical directions, are practically unemployable.*" [Emphasis mine.]

What this must mean, in truth, is that the leaders of the Student Union and of the peace demonstrations on the campus are described as Communists to prospective employers or deans of graduate schools and are made unemployable by the school.

I do not know how many individuals are involved, who they are, or what means of livelihood, if any, they have found for themselves since graduation. But I should like to ask other alumni of the school and their friends to write at once to Pres. Karl Compton protesting this underhanded attempt to kill the student and peace movement at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Boston, Mass.

CLASS OF '30.

Conference on Foreign Born

TO NEW MASSES: Since the readers of NEW MASSES have always shown deep interest in and, even more, have individually offered the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born their help and support, I am anxious to call their attention to the Committee's Fifth National Conference, to be held at the Claridge Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J., on March 29 and 30. It will open with a public session to which all are invited. Among the sponsors are Carey McWilliams, Professor Walter Rautenstrauch, and Dr. Max Yergan. There will be discussions on such problems as the foreign born in the labor movement, in education and culture, in politics and government, and of course consideration will be given to the problem of defending the foreign born against discrimination, unjust deportation, and other persecutions. We invite your readers to urge their organizations to send delegates. Any further information can be had by dropping a request to the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 79 Fifth Ave., New York City.

New York City.

ABNER GREEN.

Add Kitty Foyle

TO NEW MASSES: May I add a note to Daniel Todd's excellent review of *Kitty Foyle*, the movie that stars Ginger Rogers as a white-collar working gal emotionally captivated by one of Philadelphia's richest scions. Not only is the film snobbish and unreal, as your reviewer makes plain, but it has a distinctly anti-feminist slant. First of all it opens with a "before and after women's suffrage contrast": one scene portraying the courtesy and consideration accorded women in the "before" days, another showing the poor stenogs having to fight for seats in the subway as the price of their "equality." Throughout the film the idea is subtly stressed that wage-earning women pay for their independence by sitting home alone evenings yearning for a marriage proposal. Kitty Foyle chooses the upright doctor instead of the Philadelphia blueblood not because of the former's worth but because he offers her the practical advantage of a wedding certificate. All of this may signify nothing more than the producer's desire to provide more point and some amusing scenes for an otherwise stale Hollywood story. Nevertheless I can't help feeling that this is no time, when the war supporters are already borrowing from fascist philosophy, to further a philistine movement against feminism even in the good-clean-fun spirit of Hollywood entertainment.

New York City.

JOANNA WILDER.

General Jackson Comes Back

Dalton Trumbo rouses him out of the grave for emergency duty today. "Aren't we still a republic?" Old Hickory wants to know in "The Remarkable Andrew." Reviewed by Samuel Sillen.

THE REMARKABLE ANDREW, by Dalton Trumbo. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

THERE are really two remarkable Andrews in this witty and pertinent fable by the author of *Johnny Got His Gun*. One is Andrew Long, literal-minded bookkeeper, sober citizen, and assistant treasury clerk of Shale City, Colo. The other is Andrew Jackson of the Tennessee bench, hero of New Orleans, seventh President of the United States, serving emergency duty in the USA of 1940. Between the two of them they manage to: (1) smoke out a nest of crooked politicians in Shale City, (2) clear up some nonsense regarding the British fleet as America's first line of defense, (3) settle accounts with the 100 percent patrioteers who are whooping it up for dictatorship and war under the pretense of saving "our way of life."

You must remember that Andrew Long's great-grandfather Ezdra saved General Jackson's life at New Orleans—would it be seditious to point out that we were fighting the British?—and the general was never the one to forget a debt. So when young Andrew Long got into a jam because he was too blamed honest, what could be more natural than for Jackson to pay a call to clear things up? Of course, a lot of blundering folk in Shale City won't believe the story (though they swallow the *Shale City Monitor* each morning), and maybe even a few straitlaced

reviewers will be skeptical. But you can't deny that Old Hickory drank a quart of rye—*Maryland* rye—every day during his earthly visit, swore by The Eternal, and talked good American horse sense.

Either you believe in Andy Jackson or you don't. The surface reviewer of *Time* magazine doesn't like the general's old-fashioned devotion to democracy, so he tries to Red-bait him out of existence. I'll take my stand with Jackson.

A truly remarkable fellow! After all these years, he still insists that England is not the greatest democracy in the world, that the interests of the empire are not those of the American people, and that the President ought to consult Congress before sending off fifty destroyers to a foreign power in order to defend our home shores. Of course, Andrew must be forgiven if he sounds like a foggy: he hasn't read Dorothy Thompson and Raymond Gram Swing isn't even a name to him. His young protegee tries to straighten him out on the finer points; but Jackson isn't quick:

"Aren't we still a Republic?" he (the General) demanded.

Andrew nodded.

"Well then, what's happened to the Constitution?"

"Oh, it's still there," said Andrew quickly. "Only we're placing a more realistic interpretation upon it."

"Humph!" General Jackson thoughtfully pulled his nose. "Sounds like Marshall's work. He was always jiggling with the Constitution, too. 'Realistic interpretation,' eh? By Jupiter, it just shows what can happen when a Whig gets into the White House!"

"The President isn't a Whig. He's a Democrat."

The victor of New Orleans gasped.

"A—a Democrat?"

Andrew nodded.

"According to administration spokesmen," he intoned, looking straight up into the General's cold blue eyes, "he is the greatest Democratic President since Andrew Jackson."

But all of this chatter isn't getting Andrew Long out of his difficulties. The books of the city treasury don't balance. He insists, with weird conscientiousness, on placing the blame on the responsible city officers. They accuse him of the crime, call him crazy because he believes in Andrew Jackson, and damn him (who never took a drop in his life) for swigging the Maryland rye.

Poor Andrew Long. Before his troubles

are over he is labeled a Fifth Columnist and a Communist agent. He is caught with the goods: a copy of *The Red Badge of Courage* in his bedroom. To quote the prosecutor, a cross between Coudert and Dies: "Better the red badge of shame! Better the red badge of Oriental despotism! This is the kind of slimy stuff which is taught in our schools these days." And he quotes that high-up man in the National Library to prove that the youth are being softened by books like this. The next day a correction: this is not exactly a Communist book, says Rev. Claybourne Nash; but it is a pacifist book written under "the Marxist influence of anti-Christ." Poor Andrew Long. Poor Stephen Crane.

General Jackson needs reinforcements to get young Long out of jail; and Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and three other old-fashioned Americans come to the rescue. After some preliminary wrangling about formulations, they agree that something must be done to vindicate democracy, and they do it with admirable skill and dispatch.

Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* won a national award for "Most Original Book of 1939." *The Remarkable Andrew*, written in a different vein, is just as original, timely, and biting. Call it a satirical parable, a political fantasy, or what you will, it has a jabbing and urgent message for America. If its irony is bitter it is because Mr. Trumbo is deeply convinced that America is today in danger of departing from the common sense democracy of Andrew Jackson. Of course the reviewers will attack it, saying that the story isn't "probable," the propaganda is "forced," the fictional unities are violated. But that, in a word, will be because they really don't believe in Andrew Jackson, and not believing in him they would hardly be expected to enjoy one of those tall stories, pointed, earthy, and satirical, which Old Hickory himself must have relished.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

The Corn Country

ALWAYS THE LAND, by Paul Engle. Random House. \$2.50.

IOWA is Paul Engle's country. He loves this land with its corn and sweet alfalfa, its boundaries that have never known a war, its black earth so fertile that "... a guy could bury four horseshoes in that field and by morning he'd have a colt." Yet the very fertility is a curse, and over half the farms in Iowa are mortgaged to the hilt and half



Dalton Trumbo

the rest belong to insurance companies and banks. And the callous-handed farmers, so sure of plow and seed and foamy horse's flank, are angry and puzzled at these abstractions that are ruining them.

In his first novel, Engle—who as poet has written of this land before—touches on the problem in terms of a struggle between generations. There is the old horse-breeder and farmer, Jay Meyer, bellowing in bed like Dr. Gillespie-Barrymore, paralyzed from the hips down but powerful enough to snap at his opponents with any one of the assortment of whips within easy reach over his head. And there is Joe, his grandson, graduate of an agricultural college, admiring of old Jay's sweat-and-mind-your-own-business tradition and yet aware that rugged individualism is not enough:

"... The danger isn't the wolves, coming right up to the house in winter like they did in your dad's time. The danger's things you can't get at with your hands. You can't see them with your eyes. And they aren't like the wolves, they're worse, because they don't make any noise at all. They're things that don't exist any one place. They're cheap, shot-to-pieces markets and a lousy system that lets them get that way. ..."

Facing bankruptcy, Joe wants to join the government corn loan plan, though like his grandfather he recoils at the essential immorality of deliberate crop curtailment in a hungry world. But old Jay hates any "government" or "plan" whatsoever. He is like his friend who refused to feed oil to a balky car, and burned the bearings out. So Jay snaps his pioneer whips at a machine world he hates, while Joe scratches his head and seeks a way out.

There is a good theme here, the Fathers and Sons theme of Turgenev, but Engle has done scarcely more than turn over the soil. The result is a novel like the first act of a three-act play—characters are introduced, the stage is set, something of their past and present hinted at, and the curtain rings down. Despite Mr. Engle's genuine love for his people and lyrical evocation of the good earth they live upon, he has written a static novel, without drama, without movement.

Yet he does not lack technical equipment: his style—cautious and unexciting as his poetry—has the virtues of the poetry, too: straightforwardness, an intimate steeping in the scene, a good ear for American folk-talk. There are fine pictures of country fairs, images like Grant Woods murals, and boss-talk that wasn't heard in a public library.

Yet, with all this, Engle skirts around the main theme, skirts around it, I suspect, because like his central character he is bewildered—a fatal identification for any novelist. And so, not knowing where to go, he follows the easiest path—an honest but routine love story, quaintness instead of character development, a camera eye that snaps the surface but misses the deeper dynamics of reality.

SIDNEY ALEXANDER.

The Fellowship of Laughter

SPECIAL LAUGHTER, by Howard Nutt, with an introduction by Richard Wright. Press of James A. Decker. Price \$1.

FROM time to time, in NEW MASSES and elsewhere, I have seen the striking verse of Howard Nutt. Now the first collection of his poems has been published; and I am glad to have the opportunity of giving it a warm public welcome, and directing to it the attention of everyone who enjoys good writing, and particularly to those who enjoy pointed satire that derives from a generous source—the love of the people.

Richard Wright says very truly in his letter-introduction:

If I were to try to think of a word that would describe how these poems of yours strike me I'd pronounce Yankee! Yankee poetry, but the poetry of a Yankee grown wary, conscious, and knowing, yet still casual, loitering—and terse of speech. I feel, however, that the implied hope out of which you work is in some degree fulfilled in the manner in which you have created, for us all the pulse of contemporaneity in the beat and measure of your lines. . . . These poems will aid in the conquering of our death-ridden environment by fostering among us, not pity nor naive hope, nor that brand of cultivated, liberal gentleness we've grown so sick of but *fellowship*, fellowship of a kind that breeds a special and knowing laughter.

One can sometimes note in Mr. Nutt's book qualities that resemble W. H. Auden and Kenneth Fearing. Perhaps these poets have influenced him. It does not matter. If there are these influences, the literary personality that developed with their encouragement is so distinct that when the question occurs and comparisons are undertaken one immediately notes differences rather than resemblances. The differences are that Nutt has a larger range and variety of theme and works in short verse forms very different from the ironically stately prose paragraphs of Fearing; and that he has a friendlier and more direct contact with contemporary life than Auden. When Auden uses the vernacular you feel it to be an exploitation, however effective, of literary material, whereas when Nutt uses it you feel it to be his own language.

At all times the poems give delight. The rhythm clicks, the rhymes meet, the alliterations slide in effects as spontaneous as dancing at a gay party. And in a subtly similar way the perceptions of this poet, aimed mainly at the fineries and swineries of the ruling classes, are such as to awake responses in the reader—the fellowship of shared laughter that Wright speaks of. Special praise is due to a

poet who does not set out to stun anybody with arcana and technical magic, but who reports what he sees, and uses a rich, native store of technical resources in the report, in order to make the sharing of that perception, through reading, as companionable and vivid as possible.

A single poem can never serve, of course, to give the reader a sense of the poet's quality. Nevertheless, for the pleasure even a brief sampling can give, I conclude with:

We have been reassured with three-fingered hand-shakes

By men with business heads as hard as hickory nuts

We have been reassured in neon red as raw:
You can live in the present tense—if you've got the guts.

Business is good. Observe the merchant's manner,

The vertical virtue of the cannon vendor;
Behold the broker's penny-ante mien,
The hot-dog hawker at the lynching scene.

The bankers have announced the final profit,
Detected and detained the culprit clerk

Who, in the official ledgers, jotted down:
*There are still some people with their asses out
And the undertaker is the best dressed man in town.*

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

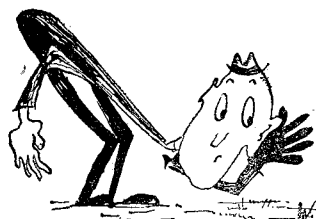
Brief Reviews

THE AMERICAN MINERS' ASSOCIATION, by Edward A. Wieck. Russell Sage Foundation. New York. \$2.

THE author, for twenty-five years a coal miner and now a research associate in the Department of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation, collects valuable information on the origins of the first national miners' union in America, formed in 1861. Wieck explores sources of hitherto unknown data on the union and its leadership. Unfortunately Mr. Wieck has fallen to the professional scholar's temptation to embalm his subject rather than try to give it new life. The book, however, will provide historians of the labor movement with a new source of materials.

ONCE A REBEL, by Simon Kaplan. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

One can use the title of this book to coin an aphorism: "If only *once a rebel*, never a rebel." As for the coarse, dull, and stupid book which goes under the title, the best one can say of it is that it is trivial. The author describes himself in his foreword as a man "in my early fifties, a municipal contractor in a lively and first class town (Poughkeepsie), and a member of the National Republican Club." He talks about his juvenile "revolutionary" activities (he ran away from them and Russia at his first opportunity after 1905) in the way senile men drool over their youthful sex escapades.



Clinton

S I G H T S A N D S O U N D S

Kaethe Kollwitz: Artist as Warrior

"Greatest poem of her age in Germany" Romain Rolland called her work. "Nie Wieder Krieg" her posters shouted in 1924. Her drawings inspire a new generation of fighting artists.

KAETHE KOLLWITZ, whose work was on exhibition in New York until several days ago, is contemporary art's living tradition. By values inherent in her work and by practical influence on cartoonists of the progressive press and on the younger Chinese graphic artists, she demonstrates how art may deal with reality and be a powerful weapon for social change, yet lose no esthetic merit.

"Greatest poem of her age in Germany," Romain Rolland called Kollwitz's work. It is a poem of protest, militant against suffering. Kollwitz did not turn her face away from life—from the poverty-stricken sick at her husband's Berlin clinic, starving children in Germany and Austria. Her world widened from literary statement and historic memory of past oppression—the *Weavers' Cycle* and the *Peasants' War*—into realities of the crisis of our time. Her graphic art is a monument to the struggles of a moribund order.

Kaethe Kollwitz is seventy-four. She still lives in Berlin, tolerated by a regime which does not dare destroy her, though it has silenced her protest. At fifty she was honored (even in wartime) by a retrospective exhibition of her work in Berlin. At sixty, she found her birthday celebrated by publication of a supplement to the catalogue of her graphic art. Similar honors might have been expected on the anniversary of her seventieth year, or the oncoming seventy-fifth. But no: Kaethe Kollwitz cannot use her art as a weapon, as she did in the early social cycles or in the post-war posters.

Kollwitz's evolution as a creative worker apparently never suffered from the inhibitions which have blocked many intellectuals of a later generation. The taboos "social content," "propaganda," "proletarian art," even tags like "universal" and "human," did not frighten her away from the reality she daily saw. Her first great work—the series of etchings based on Gerhard Hauptmann's *Weavers*—had human roots as well as esthetic; her father had forsaken the ministry to work as a weaver. The ethical impulse which prompted this decision came naturally. In the bleak Koenigsberg of her youth, haunted by the shade of Kant, idealism was a native inheritance. In the series on the *Peasants' War*, she moved back into history, as Engels had done a quarter of a century earlier. Here were revolutionary themes, the oppressed rising against their oppressors.

The next step in her growth as a social realist was toward what was not then called proletarian art. Living in a Berlin working class quarter, she daily saw the ravages of poverty, hunger, and overwork. The ethical

impulse became translated into a practical humanitarianism, in which Kollwitz lent the aid of her pencil to agitation for better working conditions, playgrounds for children, better medical care for women and children. But the major effect of her protest in this pre-war decade was that her graphic work re-creates her subjects, makes the beholder realize them as human beings capable of the same sorrows and agonies as himself.

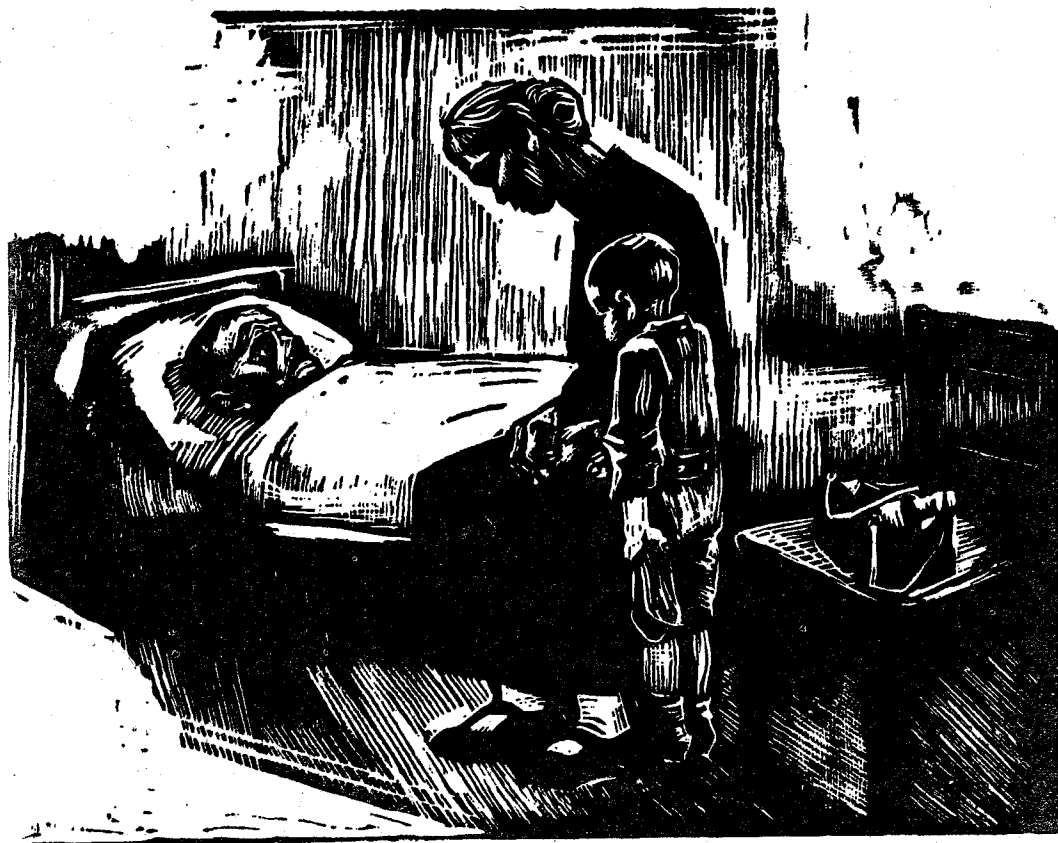
After the relatively silent years of the first world war, she could speak again—and she spoke with passionate indignation. "*Nie Wieder Krieg*," she shouts in the great peace poster of 1924; here youth stands up and states its will, a mood far beyond even the fine flagellating fury of "*Wien Stirbt! Rettet seine Kinder!*"

During these years, Kollwitz wrote the elegy of a defeated nation in magnificent wood cuts, notably the series *Krieg*. War's human consequences are her subject—the mother whose son volunteers, the son who dies, the parents who mourn. More and more in the decade before Hitler's assumption of power, Kollwitz turned to these universal human themes of bereavement and grief. In the *Soldatenfriedhof*, her monumental sculpture

in memory of the son killed in 1914, she found enduring plastic form for emotions which had preoccupied almost her whole working life. The bowed figures of sorrowing mother and father (herself and her husband) become universal symbols of humanity weighed down by loss, by needless pain, by the slow death of harassed daily life.

The great virtue of art like Kollwitz's (aside from its usefulness as a weapon) is that it gives a particular face and form to what might otherwise be an abstract slogan of exploitation and poverty. It makes the truth of social injustice inescapably real. It arouses cleansing pity and terror. It is a cry of agony ringing through history. Once it is heard, those who hear must act to stop its pain.

After major values like these, it is ridiculous to harp on "esthetics," that last refuge of cowards in our day. But if we define esthetics as a complete harmony between the meaning of the artist and his expression, possibly the word can be redeemed—always assuming, of course, that his meaning is in itself important and progressive. Kaethe Kollwitz's esthetic achievement was based first of all on sound draughtsmanship, which combined economy of



KAETHE KOLLWITZ'S WOODCUTS. (Above) "Hospital Visit"; page 25 (left) "Self Portrait, 1923"; page 25 (right) "The Mothers."

line and tone with sensitivity to black and white values. Her progress from metal plate mediums, in which she ceaselessly experimented, to lithography was a fortunate development; for the character of lithographic crayon suited her broad simplifications and sweeping line.

With the delicacy of her tonalities, which is amazing in some of the lithographs and particularly in her drawings, she fused strong, graphic form, so that even when her prints were reproduced by mass production methods they preserved their bold, powerful statement. The explanation lies in her plastic sense, fully revealed in the sculptures she began to do about ten years ago as failing eyesight made close graphic work too difficult, but evident even in the etchings of the nineties.

Her compositional form has always tended toward the monumental; duty, reality, social conscience, were her guides. In esthetics, the equivalent is the solid, architectural form of



her drawing. Nothing can break off, the superfluous has been discarded, only the ultimate indestructible human essence remains, enduring even in suffering. It might be said that the high pitch of Kollwitz's emotional communication is to be found in the wood cuts, which at first glance may seem too black, too schematic in treatment. The emphasis is deliberate; there are no grays in the defeated Germany she pictures.

I do not intend to trace an odyssey of defeat and despair as Kollwitz's contribution to living art. She has been the faithful mirror of her time; she has added to her record her comment on the age's inequity and paradox. The work she created is incentive to remove causes of the suffering she sets down.

ISABEL COOPER.

Halfway on the Boards

A summary of the theater season thus far.

IT IS difficult to write a considered review of the theatrical season thus far, and spot anything that looks like a trend or a tendency in American drama. Like last season, this year on the boards has been singularly barren of anything that rises above the garish Broadway landscape by more than a quarter of an inch. Like last season, which left Cain's warehouse

strewn with innumerable still-born productions, this has seen a comparable number lift their curtains and hastily pull them down. The theater seems to be marking time in our country, until something of greater importance comes along to shake it out of its lethargy, uncover a few new native talents, and set them to work in a medium that still possesses innumerable potentialities for the projection of valid human problems. What we are getting these days falls within the compass of light entertainment (oh, very light), war-mongering, or sheer irrelevancy.

For the person who does not feel that the theater should necessarily be entertaining ("Life is so full of tragedy anyway") the choice at hand is so restricted as to be absurd. There is one play on Broadway these days that makes any serious pretension to a grasp of human character and a progressive, optimistic view of human possibilities. That play is, of course, Emlyn Williams' *The Corn Is Green* (at the National). If you have not seen it yet, please see it now. It will hearten you with its genuine feeling for the oppressed of all lands; with the charm and warmth of its writing; with the validity of its characters and the brilliance of the production Herman Shumlin has given it. Miss Ethel Barrymore, who is always more of a personality than a performer, has taken on an additional glow from the merits of her script, and as the rural schoolteacher who has faith in the possibilities of her young coal-mining proteges, gives a better show than she has given in years. Miss Thelma Schnee, as a young temptress of the Welsh tipples, reveals the nature of real acting talent.

Aside from this play there is no strictly dramatic production that could be recommended as an extension into the three-walled life of the stage of the four-walled life we live. It was of course characteristic of the time that the only production that attempted to say something immediate and central to our problems, and said it—Marc Blitzstein's *No for an Answer*—should not have found the backers that would have insured it a regular run. There is a possibility—I am told—that the new opera may yet go into a small house, but so far it has been vouchsafed three performances only, in the hideous Mecca auditorium, where the beauty of its music, its lines, and its understanding were all but swallowed up by the echoing vaults of the house. We can only wait and hope.

After you have seen the Emlyn Williams' play, you may pass directly to the lighter side and see *Meet the People* (at the Mansfield), a fast, light, topical review from the Coast, that enjoys the loveliness of many talented young people who have convictions as well as talent. Like the Blitzstein opera, which was complimented by attempts at suppression, *Meet the People* has been attacked as "Red," and rolls merrily along despite the charge. Increasingly, those who have something to say and succeed in saying part of it, will be so attacked by reactionaries, and they ought to be used to it by now. None of these people has of course attacked Elmer Rice's *Flight to the West* as Red—although he has a few "kind" things to say about American aspirations for a greater extension of democracy. They know Elmer was only fooling, for his major interests lie elsewhere. By attempting



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to warp the meaning of anti-fascist sentiment to his own purposes, Elmer is trying to whip up the war spirit, just as Robert Sherwood tried last season in his *There Shall Be No Night*. (We will see these boys operating on a new Creel committee before very long.)

By all means see the Chodorov-Fields stage-adaptation of Ruth McKenney's stories in *My Sister Eileen* (at the Biltmore). It is inconsequential, true enough, but it can be respected for its good fun, for the snappiness of some of its lines, and the performances of Morris Carnovsky, Shirley Booth, and others. There are some valid characterizations as well.

Since the larger musical comedies do not trouble to send NEW MASSES tickets, I cannot report on those efforts. There are a host of them, ranging in ingenuity, they say, from Ed Wynn's *Boys and Girls Together* through Ethel Merman's *Panama Hattie*, to *Pal Joey*, which enjoys the reputation of being "the dirtiest show ever to be seen on the Broadway stage."

Of the rest, I recommend the side-splitting humor of *Arsenic and Old Lace* (at the Fulton), a murder melodrama with a difference, and the Moss Hart dramatic musical comedy spectacle, *Lady in the Dark* (Alvin); the former for its ingenuity of plotting and performance, the latter for its eye-filling color and movement. Either is more rewarding than was the sad departed spectacle of Irwin Shaw's *Retreat to Pleasure*, which retreated so fast it was scarcely visible, and marked the debacle of the Group Theater as an organization which originally had it in mind to provide a few of our necessities.

I would not have it thought, from the above, that the theater is wholly dead. It still lives, although it seems to be in hibernation here for the duration. If you want to catch some of its eternal glow, you must follow the small but lively offerings of the American Youth Theater, presented these days for occasional performances at the Malin Studios on West 44th Street. It shows the work of young people to whom the theater still means what it meant to the original founders of the Group. They have no money, they have no scenery, no theatrical "plant," no strictly professional performers; but we must never forget that drama was originally performed upon a bare, unlighted platform. Until the times are more propitious, it can be so performed again.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Bombarding the Ether

Wherein are discussed the inanities of NBC and other chains.

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Boys grew up and Frank Merriwell graduated from Yale.

This dramatized pep talk is a pulpy stew whose ingredients are staples borrowed from the comic strips, juvenile novels, sub-grade B films, and vintage vaudeville. Its characters include such antique stencils as a gruff top sergeant, hardboiled but with an eighteen-carat heart; its plot sequences involve such ripe oldies as a Captain Flagg-Sergeant Quirt feud. Among the buck privates are a caricature "rube" farmer boy, a quaint Southerner, and a Jewish soldier named, of course, "Abie." He is supposed to be very comical because he has a heavy accent and talks about bagles, chopped herring, and gefulte fish.

Mutual's dramatic contribution to the state of the nation is a series called "Lew Loyal," produced for the network at Colonel McCormick's WGN in Chicago. It's all about brave young Lew Loyal, his cousin Betty True (get it, listeners—*loyal and true*. See?) and their Uncle Mack, a dashing government agent. Lew and Betty, bless their little jingo hearts, have a flock of tall adventures helping Uncle break up a mysterious subversive organization known as "The Brothers of Freedom."

On February 2 the Columbia network hopped on the broadcaster's bandwagon when Wrigley's Gum launched "Dear Mom," chronicling "the humorous adventures of 'Homer Stubbs' and 'Red' at fictitious 'Camp Nash.' . . ." This serial uses the correspondence device and dramatizes the letters of draftee Homer back home to "Dear Mom." The series, judging by the first episode, has a flavor—and it isn't Spearmint. It smacks not only of "You're in the Army Now," but of the "Dere Mabel . . ." doughboy letters which did a neat selling job back in the first world war. If the flavor lasts, Homer may yet be writing some letters from a troop ship. Meanwhile, Mom is probably chuckling over the humorous news from Washington this week that the War Department has ordered 4,500,000 battle tags for prospective dead and wounded Homers.

Until recently, the news commentators and the network special events departments have been carrying the ball down the field for Franklin and Winston without too much assistance from the dramatic staffs. Wythe Williams, for instance, can punt a fact clear out of sight, and toss a rumor further than that. Although the commentators are more effective because they are lively and newsy, the special events and educational broadcasters are making the All-American by sheer force of weight. Over ninety percent of all recent network talks, according to a New York *Times* survey, deal with some aspect of "national defense." No congressman these days is satisfied to broadcast merely on the subject of Soil Erosion; he makes his topic "Soil Erosion—and the Present National Emergency."

Now the script writers are being called off the bench and put into play to do or die for dear old Capitol Hill. You can expect an increase in dramatized radio propaganda. And it won't all be on the adolescent level of

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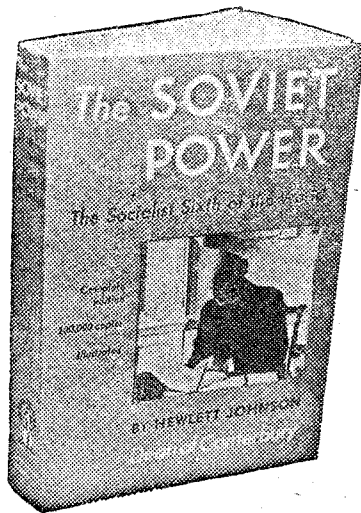
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"You're in the Army Now" or "Dear Mom."

A significant straw in the ether was the organization in January of a group of big-name writers and actors who quaintly call themselves "The Free Company." They say they've banded together "for the purpose of counter-attacking foreign propaganda in this country. . . ." Members will contribute scripts and acting for a radio series over CBS. The roll call of "The Free Company" reads like a chapter meeting of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Robert Sherwood is chairman of the writers' division; Burgess Meredith, widely known in literary circles as the author of "Confessions of a Fellow Traveler," heads the actors' division and CBS Vice-Pres. W. B. Lewis the radio section. The company's assets also include Archibald MacLeish, Elmer Rice, and Maxwell Anderson. Also George M. Cohan. Maybe George will write them another "Over There."

There is still no central agency for coordinating radio propaganda. However, the government is doing some quiet advance work. President Roosevelt himself has just approved the appointment of Ed Kirby, publicity director, on leave, of the National Association of Broadcasters, as a dollar-a-year "expert in broadcasting" for the army. Now before Congress is the budget of the National Defense Advisory Commission for the fiscal year starting July 1, and it includes a request for cash to cover the salaries of a radio director, his assistant, and a radio program specialist. Last month 200 radio big shots attended a hush-hush meeting of the Defense Communications Board. Reported the trade paper *Variety*: "Unprecedented secrecy surrounded the meeting. All members received identification cards. . . . Batch of subcommittees was created to go into all kinds of factual data required by the federal officials in working out their schemes for wartime operation."

LLOYD E. TRENT.

DeMille as Historian

Hollywood's peculiar recording of America's past.

"**L**and of Liberty" is an attempt on the part of the Hays office to promote the movies and America at the same time. It is history told in short selections culled by Cecil B. DeMille from historical movies, and though the result is not successful, it is very interesting. It begins with Claudette Colbert shooting an Indian in the stomach and ends with Franklin Roosevelt declaring his devotion to the Bill of Rights. In between you see Edward Arnold as Diamond Jim Brady, Raymond Massey and Frank McGlynn as Lincoln, George Arliss as Alexander Hamilton, Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria, Walter Huston as an Ohio circuit rider, George Raft as Steve Brodie, Richard Dix as Sam Houston, and a hundred other stars in flashes from old movies. The only historical figure missing is Don Ameche. It is a kind of glorified trailer.

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Where a period was not covered by regular movies DeMille fell back on the series of historical shorts made by Warner Brothers last year when Hollywood thought that the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice really meant it. This was unfortunate, for Warners' idea of filming history is to put together America's Fifty Foremost Orations while a symphony orchestra plays "America the Beautiful" on the sound track. The best historical movies have occasionally created at least an illusion of reality, and the large amount of footage in this picture devoted to Warner Brothers stock actors standing around in knee breeches obviously supplied by the wardrobe department, reciting their lines like elocution students, makes it highly uneven. Another thing wrong with it is that not enough footage is given from the best scenes. A battle scene is just getting under way when DeMille cuts abruptly to something different, like the building of the Union Pacific.

Fortunately *Land of Liberty* was assembled before the outbreak of war, when the movies adopted a national emergency view of history in which popular heroes like John Brown turned out to be outside agitators. Benedict Arnold does not get a buildup in *Land of Liberty*. On the other hand, Alexander Hamilton outranks Thomas Jefferson. DeMille did not want the difference in technique between silent and sound films to be too noticeable, so he excluded all but a few brief excerpts from the magnificent silents about the American Revolution, made before the studios were taken over by banks. The movies' conception of history in the last twenty years has been that of the seventh-grade history books which run no danger of being proscribed by the American Legion: namely, that history is made by important people and that wars are caused when men like Theodore Roosevelt lose their temper. What the movies have added to this conception is atmosphere. By going to the movies you can get a good idea of what life was like on the American frontier in the eighties or in New York at the turn of the century. No American historical picture has ever approached the Soviet pictures about Lenin and the Russian Civil War—pictures based on a hard-headed realistic view of history.

Land of Liberty is worst, of course, on the Civil War, for Hollywood has virtually never been able to produce a picture about the Civil War which is pro-Union. *Land of Liberty* presents it in snatches from *Jezebel*, *Birth of a Nation*, and *So Red the Rose*. *Gone With the Wind* was finished too late to be included. The reconstruction period, when the most progressive legislation in American history was passed by Negro-and-White southern legislatures, is represented by Margaret Sullivan, a frail Southern blossom. For the most part, however, *Land of Liberty* does not rewrite history in this flagrant way, but simply omits its most important parts. The labor movement appears only once, when Theodore Roosevelt leaps

The first thirty years

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vigorously onto a platform and tells striking coal miners that they can expect to be treated with a big stick. The end of the picture, after the first world war has been fought to save the world for democracy, consists of a few newsreel shots and a Fourth of July speech about America's assets and America's future. No one is going to learn anything much from *Land of Liberty*.

Clive Brook, now to be seen in *Convoy*, a British picture, is the Pat O'Brien of the British armed forces. He is the captain of the cruiser *Apollo*, and he does not let sentiment interfere with duty. The real hero of the picture, however, is a merchant skipper patterned after Captain Potato Jones, who ran a food ship to Bilbao through the Italian blockade in the Spanish war. In this war he is carrying refugees of uncertain nationality across the North Sea at \$100 a head, and he is too stubborn to join the convoy headed by Clive Brook. He is sunk by the pocket battleship *Deutschland*, but his warning enables Clive Brook to stand off the *Deutschland* till the convoy of merchantmen reaches safety. This naval battle will be familiar to people who follow the movies. Ships' models are manipulated in a studio tank to give the appearance of warfare, but they never seem like the ships in the newsreels. The British Admiralty cooperated with the producers of *Convoy*, for the same reason that the US Navy cooperated with the American producers of *Flight Command* (MGM), another current picture in which Robert Taylor and Walter Pidgeon go through all the motions evidently expected of naval men. Both pictures are something like the recruiting shorts now being shown in the neighborhood houses in New York, in one of which a square-jawed youth, after listening to an army announcement on the radio, draws himself up and declares, "Mother, I am going to join the army. I think all men my age should do the same." British and American midshipmen roughhouse all over their ships, and in the British Navy, at least, the officers seem to have valets. One of the British officers wants to marry an actress, but, with the hero's dying breath, he is assured that the match would not be suitable. There are a few authentic touches in *Convoy*, like the eagerness with which officers go into battle after the long boredom of naval life. But as a whole the picture is not a convincing story of what the British Navy is like. When Clive Brook is required to express emotion, he looks seasick.

These movies are cut from an orthodox pattern—there were many like them even in peacetime—but they seem more immediate, and more ominous, now.

At the start of the war Hollywood producers hurriedly put into production the anti-Nazi scripts which had been kicking around for five years, made a few alterations where the authors described the real character of fascism, and sat back to listen to the cash register. Ever since that first misreading of the Gallup polls, Hollywood has disguised its propaganda pictures. I just saw *Arise My*

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GOINGS ON

POISON PENS AGAINST THE USSR. Sender Garlin, Moscow correspondent of the Daily Worker from 1935-1939, discusses and refutes the books of "Jan Valtin," Krivitsky, Utley, Lyons, Don Levine, and others. Saturday, February 8, 2:30 P.M. Workers School, 50 East 13 Street. Admission 25 cents.

PROF. CHARLES KUNTZ interprets Our Changing World at Concourse Paradise, 2413 Grand Concourse, Sunday, February 9th. Time 3 P.M. Auspices: Fordham Discussion Group. Series \$1.00. Individual Lectures 25c.

SI GERSON, Daily Worker staff writer, in a Marxist analysis of the week's news events, Sunday, February 9, 8:30 P.M., Workers School, 50 East 13 Street. Admission 25 cents.

4 SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT 4. First of Series of Forums will celebrate NATIONAL NEGRO HISTORY WEEK. Herbert Aptheker will speak on Lincoln, Richard B. Moore on Douglas, Frank D. Griffin on Thaddeus Stevens. Chairman, George B. Murphy, Jr. FEBRUARY 9TH, 303 W. 125th Street. Followed by Music, Refreshments, Dancing. Ausp. Associated Schools. Sub. 35c.

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Love, and there has not been a more warlike movie in twenty years. It is disguised as a bedroom farce of the *I Met Him in Paris* school. Claudette Colbert, in one modish outfit after another, coyly eludes the arms of Ray Milland (who is described, save the mark, as a tired liberal because he fought with the loyalists in Spain), to the accompaniment of some of the dirtiest lines to affront the Legion of Decency since the start of the war hysteria. After *Arise My Love* I am prepared for anything. I didn't see *No, No, Nanette* but I wouldn't be surprised if that turned out to be war propaganda, too.

DANIEL TODD.

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The conductor devotes his energies to highly intelligent and straightforward readings into which he injects freshness and vigor. In the eighteenth century group, his interpretations of a Boyce "Prelude and Fugue" and a Bach two-piano concerto (with Mr. and Mrs. Bela Bartok as soloists) were devoid of the frills and elegances accorded to such works by romantically inclined performers. Instead, he conducted them in a sturdy style—a style probably closest to the manner in which their composers intended them to be played. A Mozart "Divertimento in D," scored for string orchestra and horns, was sparkling and brisk. Rarely, in my experience, has Mozart been so refreshingly performed.

Presented in the second half was the premiere of Aaron Copland's "Quiet City." This is an atmospheric composition, expertly wrought, with a sustained mood that grows into an effective piece of musical imagery. The magnificent trumpet playing by Harry Glantz (borrowed from the Philharmonic) aided considerably. The program concluded with the Bloch "Concerto Grosso" for string orchestra and piano. This kind of music always sounds "correct." But its dependence on established forms, and consequent lack of pioneering with progressive techniques corresponding to the times, makes it neither important nor interesting.

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MEN like Lincoln Steffens saw the MASSES for its worth, wrote for it, championed it. Men like Randolph Bourne, like John Reed, lived and died for the idea this magazine has never abandoned. No millionaires endowed it, yet it grew four-fold since 1934, in the midst of the great depression. Seven years ago it became a weekly, for that was the will of its readers. Today NEW MASSES is thirty years old, and stronger than ever. Indeed, a time for all honest men to celebrate. Therefore the editors announce a special anniversary edition of sixty-four pages, on the stands February 12.

AMONG the writers and artists who will appear in its pages are: Theodore Dreiser, Genevieve Taggard, D. N. Pritt, Sara Bard Field, William Blake, Paul Robeson, John Howard Lawson, Meridel Le Sueur, Samuel Sillen, Earl Browder, Max Yergan, William Gropper, Georges Schreiber, Art Young, Hugo Gellert, Louis Lozowick, and many others.

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